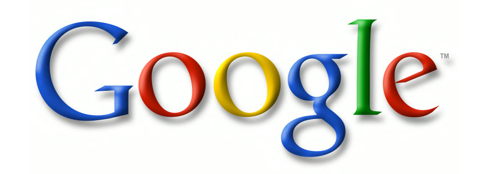





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THE

FAIRY FAMILY:

A SERIES OF

BALLADS & METRICAL TALES

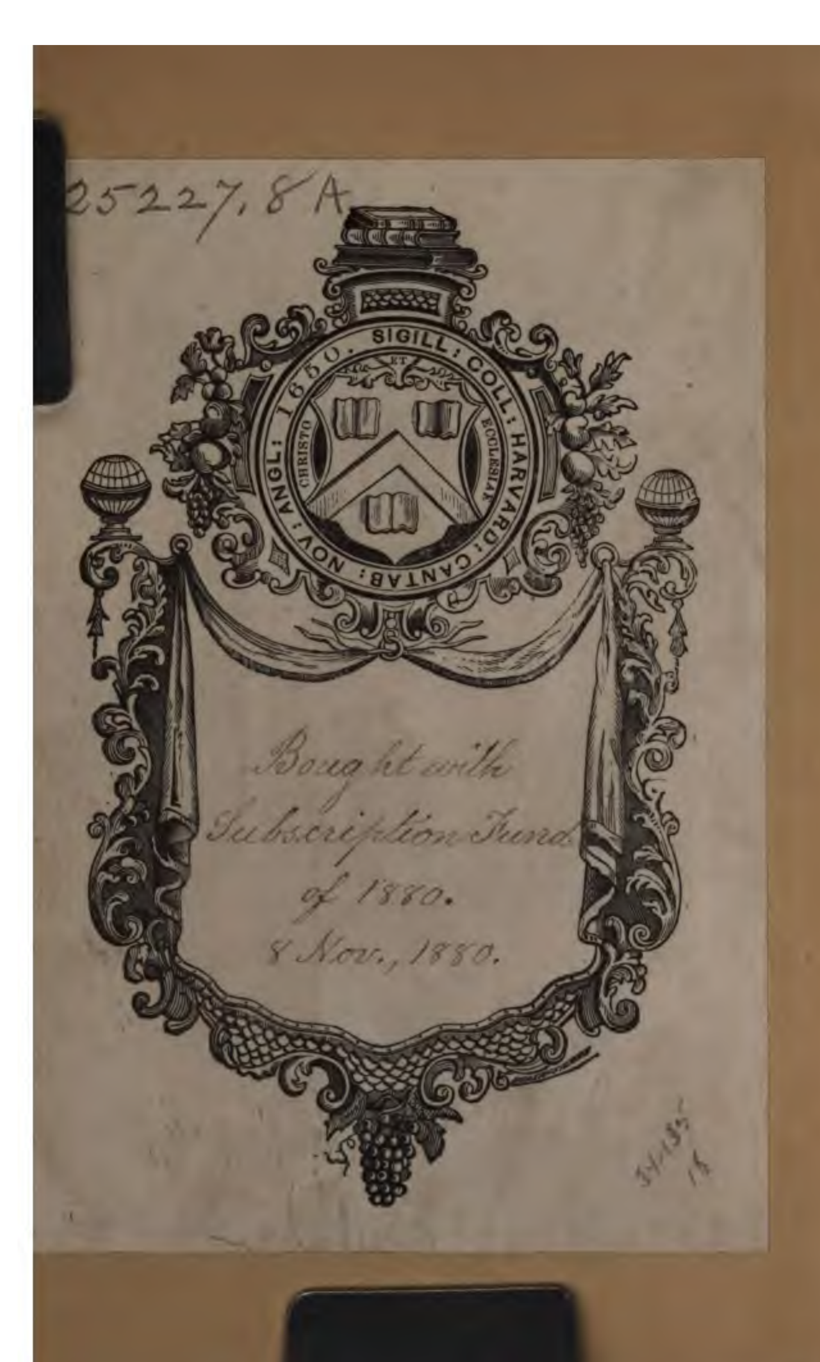
ILLUSTRATING THE

FAIRY MYTHOLOGY OF EUROPE.

By Archibald Maclaren.

"Love them that honest be,
And help them in necessitie."

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, & ROBERTS.
M.DCCC.LVII.


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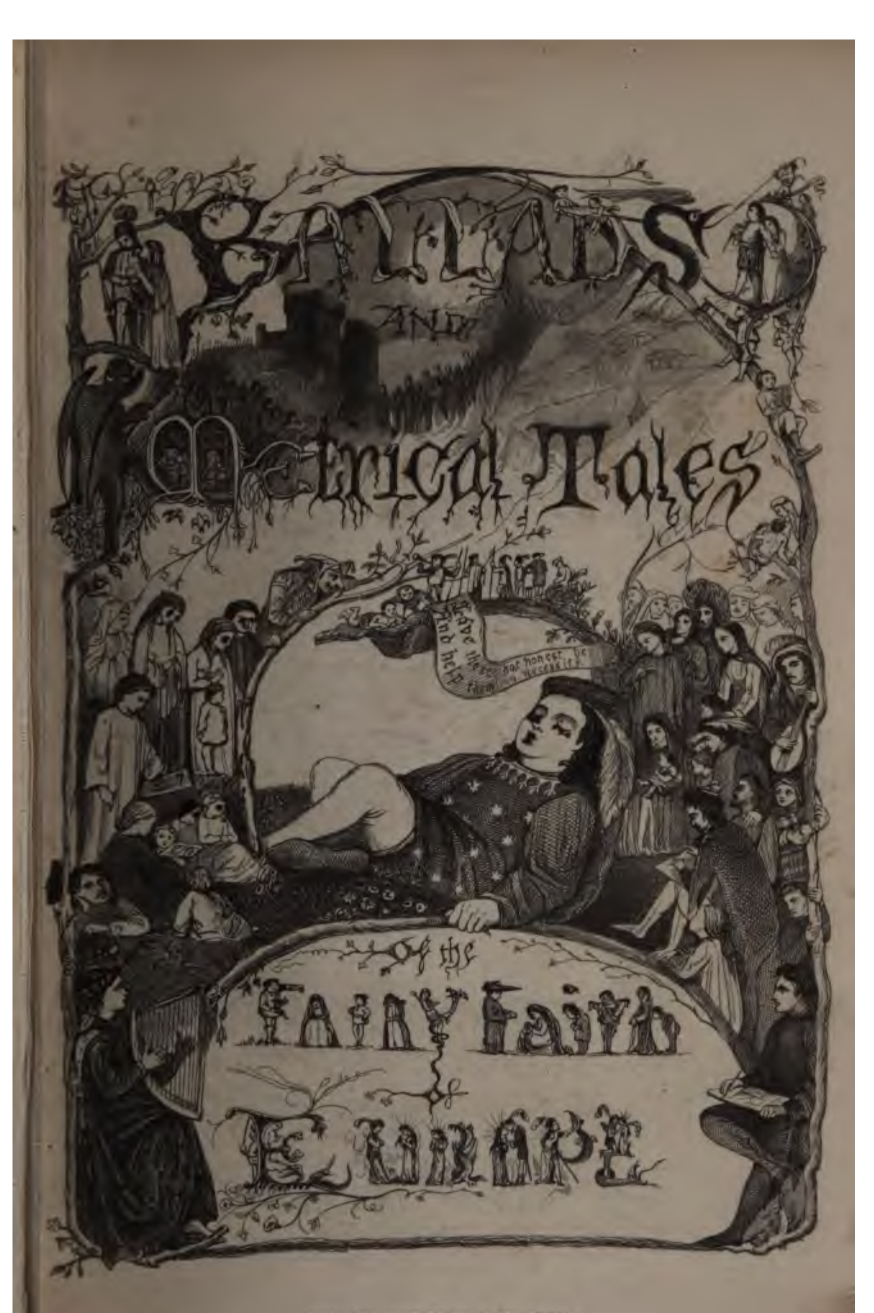
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frequent were the helpful visits of their super-mortal neighbours. Says an ancient Chronicler—

"The Fairy-folk do dislike the towns on account of the wickedness thereof."

And another—

"They call them the Good People, and say they live in wilds and forests and mountains, and shun great cities on account of the wickedness acted therein: all the houses are blessed where they visit, for they fly vice."

And a modern Reviewer—

"It is true where the stream of tradition runs pure, we still find them spoken of as the beneficent friends and protectors of mankind."

At what time they first came to dwell among men is not known, for no legend or tradition, story or ballad, hints at a period so remote. Whence they came we know full well, though, strange as it may seem, numerous are the doubts and perplexities in the minds of men to which this question has given rise; nay, it has even led many to disbelieve in the very existence of the fairies. And thus do they account for what they call the credulity of our forefathers.

"In the rude old times of migrations and conquests, when the aboriginal inhabitants of a country had been vanquished, they fled to the mountain

faftneffes and foreft folitudes. Thus fled the ancient Picts into the remote Highlands before their more powerful neighbours, the Lowland Scots; thus fled the diminutive natives of Lappifh, Lettifh, and Finnifh countries before the victorious Afæ. In the courfe of time they ventured from their hiding-places to vifit their former habitations, now occupied by their conquerors, either to barter objects of the chafe and their folitary manufacture for food and raiment, or for the darker purpofes of revenge—exciting commiferation, cupidity, or fear: ultimately they came to be regarded as fupernatural beings, the Brownies, Dwarfs and Trolls of their refpective countries."

Says another—

"Nay, they were not living beings at all, mortal or fuper-mortal; they were but the imperfonations of certain virtues loved by the people among whom they were faid to dwell, or the embodied ideas of certain elemental phenomena. Thus is Brownie but the imperfonation of the national virtues of fidelity and hofpitality, fo highly prized by Lowland Laird and Border Chief in the feudal times of Scotland; the Pixies, that of the cherifhed cleanlinefs and induftry of the Englifh houfewife; and the Fata Morgana is but a name for the ftorms, at once terrible and beautiful, that fo often overtake the ma-

riner in the narrow and dangerous ſeas that ſeparate Naples and Sicily."

Others there are who view the whole Fairy Faith as a ſeries of fanciful inventions; nay, will not even admit that the inventions are our own. Says one of theſe —

"Our Fairy Tales are all borrowed from the Eaſt. The ancient tales of Perſia ſoon ſpread along the ſhores of the Mediterranean. The Moors of Spain, who kept up a conſtant intercourſe with all the Moſlems who ſpoke the tongue of Arabia, muſt have had their ſhare in the poſſeſſion of theſe treaſures of the imagination. The Franks, who occupied Syria with their colonies during two centuries, muſt have learned many a tale from their Moſlem ſubjects and neighbours; and the Venetians, who poſſeſſed excluſively the trade of Syria and Egypt down to the ſixteenth century, may have imported tales as well as ſpices in their argoſies; and every one will allow that nothing was ſo likely as that the Troubadours and Trouvères who accompanied the ſeveral cruſades from Europe to Paleſtine, ſhould on their return bring with them the romantic and highly poetical fictions of the Eaſt. The generic term *Fairy* is confirmation of the accuracy of this hypotheſis, being but the Arabo-Perſian word *Peri*."

Says another—

"Nay, ye need not go ſo far as the Eaſt for the perſonages of the Fairy Faith. They are but a reproduction in a popular form of the Deities of Greece and Rome. Thus the *Mermaids* of the Northern Iſles are but the *Nereids* of Antiquity; and the Houſehold ſpirits, whether known as *Brownie* in Scotland, *Kobold* in Germany, or *Pixy* in England, are but the *Lares* of Latium—the guardians of the domeſtic hearth, and the avertors of evil. Moreover, the deſcription of the Fairy Queen by Thomas the Rhymer, the author of the earlieſt poem in our language, might paſs for a portrait of the Goddeſs Diana—

'Her ſteed was of the higheſt beauty and ſpirit, and at his mane hung thirty ſilver bells and nine, which made muſic to the wind as ſhe paced along. Her ſaddle was of ivory, laid over with goldſmith's work: her ſtirrups, her dreſs, all correſponded with her extreme beauty and the magnificence of her array. The fair huntreſs had her bow in hand, and her arrows at her belt. She led three greyhounds in a leaſh, and three hounds of ſcent followed her cloſely.'

As to the origin of the term *Fairy*, we have it in the Latin *fatum*.

Says a third—

"Nay, we are indebted to the North for our Fairy lore. It is an integral part of the old Norſe

creed. The earlieſt of the Icelandic ſagas, and the Elder Edda itſelf, compiled in the eleventh century, prove the belief in *Duergar* or *Dwarfs* and *Alfar* or *Elves*. And if the generic term *Fairy* be not derived from *Alfar*, ſome ſpecific ones, ſuch as *Drows* and *Trows*, uſed in Orkney and Zealand, are but variations of the Norſe *Duergar* and *Trolls*, and point to the times when the old ſea-rovers of the Baltic paid their dreaded viſits to theſe iſlands."

Says a fourth—

"Nay, the Weſt of Europe is the author of its own Fairy lore. The Fairies of Celtic and Teutonic nations are as different from the ethereal Peries of Perſia, 'who hover in the balmy clouds, dwell in the colours of the rainbow,' and exiſt on the odours of flowers, as the gnomes who ſwelter in the mines of Scandinavia are from the claſſic Deities of Greece and Rome. In the *Niebelungen Lied*, written about the time of Attila, we read how the Elf-King is vanquiſhed by Theodorick of Bern; and as far as proof of originality lies in a name, take for choice the old German *Feen* or *Feinen*, the Italian *Fata*, the French *Fée*, or the Spaniſh *Hada*.

Says a fifth—

"Nay, ye are all wrong. True it is that the

Fairy Faith of Europe has been received from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South, but from none of these in particular. It is an agglomeration of the superstitions of all nations, fables from the Roman, Celtic, Gothic and Oriental mythologies."

Says a sixth—

"Yea, they are all wrong, and thou art the farthest wrong of any; the converse of this is the right. The attributes have been dispersed, not collected. Fables have radiated from a common centre, and their universal consent does not prove their subsequent reaction upon each other, but their common derivation from a common origin."

Behold how they wander!—lost on the waste of conjecture and doubt. Whence they came we know full well from the lips of one who had sojourned there [Thomas of Ercildoune, the prophet-bard of Scotland] and who was gifted by the Fairy Queen herself with

"The tongue which could not lie."

They came from their own green land, the ever-bright Realm of Faërie.

FAIRIES

OF THE

WOODS AND GROVES.

The Elf-Folk.

"They ſtole little Bridget
For ſeven years long."

The Elf-folk lived in ſocieties of conſiderable numbers, in the British Iſlands, Northern Germany, and Scandinavia. By day they dwelt in the ſhady groves; and at night they came forth to viſit the dwellings of men, in order to perform the duties appointed them by their King and Queen. The moſt important of theſe duties was that of protecting ill-uſed or orphan children, or benefiting thoſe who, on the death of a child's parents, had undertaken to protect or ſupport it. When no adequate protection for the child was afforded by its kindred or neighbours, it was not uncommon for the Elf-folk to remove it, either to their own ſecret haunts in the groves, or to convey it direct to Fairy Land for a ſeaſon, which might conſiſt of ſeven, twice ſeven, or thrice ſeven years—the time being determined by the nature of the home from which the child had been taken, and to which it muſt

eventually be brought back. This gave riſe to unworthy ſuſpicions and vulgar accuſations of child-ſtealing, which were the more difficult to diſprove, becauſe, although untrue in one ſenſe, they were true in another: true that they did bear away ill-uſed and orphan children, untrue that they did so from any ſelfiſh or ſpiteful motive. Again, it was ſaid that theſe thefts were uſually committed on St. John's or Midſummer Eve; and it was believed that a child born on that night, or after the death of its father, was placed by nature under the ſpecial guardianſhip of this branch of the Fairy Family; but this would apply properly only to children who could not receive adequate protection from their own kind; and although St. John's Eve was undoubtedly choſen for important communications between the diſtant Elfin-groves and the ſettlements of men, it was probably only on account of its mildness, brightness, and unequalled beauty. Yet was it not uncommon for ill-informed and timid persons to take precautions for excluding Elfin viſitors from their dwellings, by hanging over their doors boughs of the St. John's Wort, gathered at midnight on St. John's Eve.

THE ELF-FOLK.

PART I.

Little Mabel ſmiling lies,
  While the neighbours weep;
Smiling with her large blue eyes—
  Does her mother ſleep?
Lingers yet a ſunſet ſtreak
Of colour upon either cheek,
But the cloſe-ſhut lips have none,
They are white and cold as ſtone—
  Does her mother ſleep?

She will waken never more,
  She is dead, ſhe is dead;
After his who went before,
  Her ſpirit ſad hath fled:
For Mabel's father too is gone,
She is in the world alone;

Of her kindred there is none;
There was but one, only one,
And ſhe lies now as cold as ſtone
  There upon the bed.

Orphan Mabel, who will now
  Deck with flowers your head,
And part the treſſes on your brow,
  Now your mother's dead?
Who will lay their loving cheek
On your ſhoulder round and ſleek,
And to your neck, through curl and treſs,
Uncounted ſcores of kiſſes preſs,
And every treſs and ringlet bleſs
In murmurings of happineſs,
Scarce audible 'tween kiſs and kiſs,
  Now your mother's dead?

Take her from the darkened room —
  Do not weep, do not weep —
She is frightened at the gloom —
  Mother is aſleep —
Lay her in her baſſinette
Near the little window ſet,
Where the ſcented mignonette
  And naſturtiums creep.

Baby Mabel, cloſe your eyes,
  Do not weep, do not weep,
For the ſun has left the ſkies —
  Sing her ſo to ſleep —
And the ſmall birds every one
Wearily to rooſt are gone,

And the daiſies on the green,
That ſo bright by day were ſeen,
Round their golden eyes have drawn
Their ſilver lids to ſleep till dawn—
Mabel is aſleep.

PART II.

Whiſper, whiſper through the grove—
'T is the evening breeze
Telling all its tale of love
To the aſpen trees,
And its earneſt wooing brings
Tremblings ſtrange and flutterings
To the liſtening trees.

Twinkle, twinkle o'er the graſs—
Is it ſhade? is it light?
Or do both together paſs
Acroſs the green to-night?
Twinkle, twinkle dark and ſheen,
Mantle fold and feet between,
Glancing feet and mantles green,
Greener than the graſs, I ween—
Mingling ſhade and light.

Trooping, trooping on they go,
  O'er the dewy grafs —
Little feet as white as fnow
  Twinkling as they pafs,
O'er the grafs their mantles fweep,
And the daifies, roufed from fleep,
Half unclofe their dewy eyes,
Timidly and with furprife —
Nothing but the ftarry fkies,
  And the dewy grafs.

Liften, liften! All is ftill —
  Mabel is afleep.
Up upon the window fill
  Where nafturtiums creep;
All into the room have gone —
Sound of turning hinge was none —
Paft the box of mignonette,
In the latticed window fet,
To the curtained baffinette —
  Mabel is afleep.

Softly, foftly! Firft they breathe
  On her clofëd eyes —
Her cheek the jetty fringe beneath
  White as ivory lies!
Then acrofs her rofy lips
They deftly draw their finger tips,
  And the colour flies!

Then her taper hands they place
  Together, palm and palm,

As we ſee in Holy Place
   Angel pure and calm
Carven on an infant's tomb,
So within the ſilent room,
Half in light and half in gloom,
   Lies ſhe pure and calm.

Then her ſnowy ſmock is wound,
   Oh, ſo tenderly,
Both her tiny feet around —
   Could her mother ſee!
They wrap her in their mantles green,
Covering at once and ſcreen;
Screen from glancing beams of light,
Covering from dews of night,
   Cloſely, carefully.

Buſtle, buſtle! Every one
   Out into the light —
'T is the eve of good St. John,
   And the moon is bright —
Quickly, quickly o'er the graſs
Of the dewy meadows paſs,
Haſten, haſten to the ſhade
By the quivering aſpens made,
While they whiſper overhead
   With the breeze of night.

In between the aſpens grey
   Glide the Elfin band;
They have carried far away
   To their own green land

Little Mabel, good and fair,
Never to know pain or care,
Only happineſs is there—
In the Elfin Land.

The Korrigan.

—♦—

" Of Fairy damſels met in foreſts wide
By knights."

—♦—

The Korrigan of Brittany were the same as the Elle-maids of Scandinavia. There is reaſon, moreover, to believe that they were the ſame perſonages as the Fée Ladies of Middle-Age Romance, and the Damoiselles in the Lais of Marie de France.

A Korrigan was careful only to be ſeen by night, for ſhe had then the power of aſſuming every trait of beauty and grace of which the female form is ſuſceptible, and alſo of changing the appearance of every ſurrounding thing; of making the meaneſt and moſt common objects in nature appear as works of art of the greateſt rarity and value. Thus, when by her magic power ſhe had created bower, château, or palace—had furniſhed it with everything that could give delight to eye, ear, or palate—and ſat ſurrounded by her nine attendant nymphs, inferior to herſelf alone in beauty of perſon and

grace of manner—ice-cold muſt have been the heart, or high and noble its purpoſes and reſolves, that could reſiſt her blandiſhments and charms. The conſtancy of lover to his affianced bride, or of ſoldier to his knightly devoir, could never be subjected to greater trial and temptation. But by night alone had ſhe this power; on the firſt ray of morning light reaching the scene of her enchantments, the charm was diſſolved; every object reſumed its real and wonted ſhape and appearance, and the beautiful Korrigan herſelf became as unſightly as ſhe had erewhile been fair.

The Foreſt of Brézeliande was the ſcene of moſt of the Breton wonders; and it was there that Merlin, the mighty enchanter, was buried.

THE KORRIGAN.

Iт is a Knight of Brittany
   Boune for the Holy Land,
Without or page or ſquire rides he
   Through gloomy Brézeliande;
A league behind, in long array,
With broidered ſcarf and pennon gay,
With glancing blade and mace and lance
   And helm and morion,
To join the chivalry of France
   His gallant band comes on.

The wood is ſilent, denſe and dark,
   And cloſing is the day,
And ſcarcely can Sir Roland mark
   The narrow foreſt way:
Impatient, in advance he rides
And fretful of delay, he chides—

"I ſhall the very lateſt be
Of all the Knights in Brittany!"
With armëd heel and hand
His jaded charger urges he
Through haunted Brézeliande.

As ſinks the ſun, the ſummer moon,
With face ſerene and bright,
Looks through the arching branches down
Upon the lated knight —
"Fair Moon, the light of lady's eyes,
That guided oft theſe ſteps of mine,
And once I did ſo highly prize,
Is not ſo ſafe or ſweet as thine:
A lamp to guide me thou doſt prove
Upon my darkſome way;
Gramercy for that light of love,
It ſhines to lead aſtray!

"I have reſigned—'tis in my vow—
All love and dalliance,
My foot is in the ſtirrup now,
My right hand graſps the lance;
My foot with rowel redly dyed
Againſt my charging courſer's ſide,
May mingle only in the dance
Where mailëd knights a-tilt advance;
My hand the maſſy battle-blade
And lengthy ſpear muſt wield;
To minſtrel youth and love-ſick maid
The lute it now muſt yield.

"'Fore lady fair — 't is in my vow —
I wear my battle-gear,
'T is in my vow that casque on brow
Alone, may I to lady bow
And sit in her chambère:
I may not touch a lady's hand
Save with the glove that grasps my brand;
I may not kiss her lip or cheek,
Or word of passion to her speak,
Or cast her glance, or waft her sigh,
Or seat me by her side;
A Soldier of the Cross am I,
The battle-blade my bride.

"And I must fast — 't is in my vow —
From dark till dawn of morn;
Small risk there is to-night, I trow,
That I shall be mansworn!"
For scarcely now the scattered beams
The setting moon down slanting streams
Athwart the forest, reach the ground —
"Fair Moon, so ends thy light;
Unbroken shadow blackens round,
Here rest we for the night."

But ere the knight has bent a knee,
Or lip has moved in prayer,
While yet to clasp his rosarie
His hand is raised in air,
Gleams suddenly upon his sight,
Amid the forest gloom, a light;

No meteor flame, it tarries there,
A lamp, a ſhining caſement ſquare,
Not one, but many, row on row —
" Methought I did each château know
In mine own Brittany;
Reſt here, my charger, while I go
To ſee what this may be."

The porte is wide and archëd high —
Nor guard nor groom is there —
The court-yard open to the ſky,
And fronting to the porte doth lie
A hall of entrance fair;
Sir Roland ſtrides into the hall,
Loud echoing his footſteps fall,
No lacquey anſwers to his call;
But, ſighing like the ſummer breeze,
When rippling o'er the leafy trees
At penſive eventide,
Sweet muſic through a half-ſhut door
Seems wooingly to glide:
Sir Roland touched the croſs he wore —
" Such welcome had I ne'er before."
Along the hollow ſounding floor
He ſteps with meaſured ſtride.

The door glides open ſilently
Ere yet its panel touched can be
By his extended hands;
Then, ſtill as knight in effigy
In niche of hall or armoury,
He in the doorway ſtands.

Upon a velvet couch reclines
  A lady tall and fair,
A narrow rim of gold confines
  Her long and floating hair;
Till like a tide that outlet found
Beneath what had its current bound,
It breaks beneath the golden round
And ſtreams o'er ſhoulder, couch, and ground,
  A torrent wide and free.
Sir Roland had at tourney been,
  At camp and court, pardie,
And eke at fête on village green,
And had each grade of beauty ſeen
From ruſtic maid to France's Queen;
But beauty did he never ſee
  Like that he looks on now—
Sir Roland, claſp thy roſarie
  And think upon thy vow.

And grouped this beauteous Lady near
  Are maidens thrice told three,
Each with the ſame long floating hair,
Save that no band of gold is there,
And each a ſnow-white robe doth wear
  Like that of her Ladye.

She quits her couch, and ſilently
Glides paſt her maidens, three and three,
  All in their robes of white,
As 'mong a group of ſtars we ſee
  The moon on ſummer night:

Upon Sir Roland's wrift ſhe lays
Her hand ſo ſmall and light:
Sir Roland bends his quiet gaze —
"A welcome kind, Sir Knight."
"Fair Lady, thanks." She would remove
The gauntlet from his hand.
"'T is in my vow to wear the glove
In bower that graſps my brand."

No word ſhe to the knight replies,
But anſwers with her beaming eyes
In acquieſcent ſmile;
And with a faſcinating grace
Of diffidence and ſtatelineſs,
Doth ſlowly up the chamber pace
Beſide her gueſt the while.

"Sir Knight, remove your battle gear,
Unleſs my maidens you do fear —
Your caſque is on your brow."
"'T is in my vow that I do wear
My caſque on brow 'fore lady fair —
'T is in my knightly vow."

Up to the velvet couch they go,
The Lady on it ſinking low —
"Sir Knight, look I ſo ſtern a foe —
Sir Knight, with caſque on brow?
Come ſeat thee on the couch with me —"
Sir Roland, claſp thy roſarie
And think upon thy vow.

Sir Roland ſtill upon his wriſt
  Her little hand can feel;
Sooth, it were harder to reſiſt
That touch, than graſp of foe in liſt
  In mail of Milan ſteel!
Sir Roland ſtands unmoved and calm
And gently ſhifts aſide her palm —
"Behold, fair Lady, by my ſide
I ever bear with me my bride,
  Thus belted to me cloſe,
And I, my glory 'tis and pride,
  A ſoldier of the ——."

But ere he can his phraſe complete
The Lady ſprings upon her feet —
  "Haſte, Maidens, the repaſt!
I wis thou mayſt complain that we
Do lack in hoſpitality,
  And jeſt while thou doſt faſt."

"I may not ſit by night at board —"
  Sir Roland ſtands alone!
The maidens vaniſhed at the word,
  The Lady too is gone;
They paſſed behind a woven ſcreen,
Of tapeſtry, where ivy green
And tufts of lichen grey are ſeen,
And roots of ſaxifrage between
  The piles of carven ſtone.

Sir Roland paces up and down,
  Comes to his ſtep no ſound;

The moſſy floor of ruin lone,
A carpet like to this may own,
And every cuſhion, couch, and chair,
Doth green and ruſſet covering wear,
   Like moſs on bank or mound.

The walls are hung, like to the ſcreen,
With tapeſtry of ivy green,
   While briar and briony
Have caſement-frame and door embraced,
As with the ivy they are traced
   Upon the tapeſtry;
And ſtarred and coloured like the ſky
Is all the ceiling, domy, high.

A ſound like wind 'mong leaves is heard;
The plume upon his helm is ſtirred;
The ſcreen is lifted, as might be
By wind the bough of pendant tree,
Diſcloſing to the wondering knight
A banquet ſerved on ſilver bright:
Ripe fruits, red wines, and diſhes rare
That load with fragrance rich the air:
And there around their Lady's chair
The maidens ſtanding, three and three —
   "Sir Knight, we wait thee now."
Sir Roland, claſp thy roſarie
   And think upon thy vow.

"Now Lady, do I grieve that thou
   Haſt feaſt prepared for me;

From dark till dawn — 'tis in my vow —
  A-fafting I muft be."
The Lady laughs and comes anear —
" Sir Knight, Sir Knight of vow auftere,
Wilt deign upon my lute to hear
  An air of Brittany?"

The lute is refting on her arm
  Ere he can utter word,
And foon her rofy fingers charm
  To life each flumbering chord;
At firft a dull uncertain hum
From the awakening lute doth come,
  Till fwelling full and loud,
Refponfive to her flying hand
It rifes, as at tourney grand
  The din of gathering crowd.

Sir Roland ftoops the ftrain to hear;
The memory of achievements dear
  Back to his heart it brings;
The *Laiffez-Aller* fhrill and clear
  As from a trumpet rings; —
Bounds from the barrier the fteed
Along the lifts at charging fpeed;
The fhock, the crafh of lance and mail,
  In conflict ftern, are blent,
And fhout and clamour, cheer and wail,
  Are up to heaven fent:
The victor wheels his charger proud,
His crefted head is lowly bowed,

As up to Beauty's tent rides he—
Soft floats the mufic now—
Sir Roland, clafp thy rofarie
And think upon thy vow.

Soft floats the ftrain. The victor's meed
Is in his Lady's fmile;
He in her love-lit eyes may read
The guerdon of his knightly deed,
She to her bower fhall him lead,
A captive he the while;
Oh who would from fuch thrall be freed?
Sir Roland to the minftrel fair
Has raifed his fteady eye—
I trow no glance of love is there,
Parts from his lip no figh!

The ftrain is changed. The ringing lute
Is fmote by rapid hand—
Now dull the heart and lame the foot
Such mufic can withftand!
And down like doves on fnowy wing
From cot to graffy lea,
Upon the ruffet carpet fpring
The maidens, three and three;
With wreathëd arms and waving hair
And gauzy robes that float in air,
They meet, they mingle, part, unite
In mazy dance around the knight,—
But calm and cold ftands he,
As rock among the billows white
Of the embracing fea.

The ſtrain ſubſides. Each ſeparate note
Seems faintly on the air to float:
The maidens gather three and three:
  The Lady riſes now—
Sir Roland, claſp thy roſarie
  And think upon thy vow.

She glides to where Sir Roland ſtands,
The lute vibrating in her hands—
"One meaſure I will dance alone—"
She deftly hangs the lute upon
His folded arms, and ſtraight is gone.
Away ſhe bounds, with feet that glance
And ſhimmer in the airy dance
  In movements manifold—
"'T is in my knightly vow, my hand
Shall twine but with the ſpear and brand."
  His words are few and cold.

Away ſhe bounds, ſustained and high,
Freſh luſtre flaſhing from her eye,
While every feature, every glance,
Seems with her giddy feet to dance
In ever changing harmony—
Pardie, the voice of lute would be
  A ſound diſcordant now!
Sir Roland, claſp thy roſarie
  And think upon thy vow.

She dances round and round the knight,
As butterfly might wheel its flight

Around the crefted thiftle bloom —
  " One meafure dance with me —"
Sir Roland dips his lofty plume
  In knightly courtefy —
" Thanks, Lady, for thy complaifance,
  The fpur is on my heel,
I may but mingle in the dance
Where mailëd knights a-tilt advance,
  And neighing chargers wheel."

Still flits the Lady round the knight,
  But flowly, languidly,
While fwells and falls her bofom white
  Like that of troubled fea:
She looks around where fhe may reft
And then upon Sir Roland's breaft,
All in its iron panoply,
  She ftoops her paly brow —
Sir Roland, clafp thy rofarie
  And think upon thy vow.

" Nay, let me lead thee to thy feat —"
  Unto his breaft fhe clings,
Sooth, he can feel her wild heart beat,
  Vibrating through the rings
Of all his mail. Now up her face
  She paffionately turns;
Her fnowy arms his neck enlace,
Her red lips lifted for embrace,
  And cheek with love that burns —
Love, love! fhe looks with luftrous eyes,
Love, love! fhe murmurs through her fighs.

"I am a Gentleman of France,
My King he dubbed me Knight,
I follow him with ſword and lance
In Paleſtine to fight,
And till the Holy Land ſhall be
From the inſulting Paynim free,
I ſwore at Mary's ſhrine,
For Love my heart no place ſhould be,
Though face as fair as thine ——"

Sir Roland pauſes, in ſurpriſe,
To follow with his wondering eyes
The Lady's gaze fixed on the ſkies.
Aye, ſooth, it is the welkin blue,
With living ſtars, though faint and few,
That fade before the ruddy ray
Upſtreaming from the coming day;
And ſooth, it is the ivy green,
But not on tapeſtry or ſcreen;
And ſooth, the floor of ruin lone,
Such carpet as he treads may own;
And ſooth, ſuch covering is found
On every ſhady bank and mound
As lies on cuſhion, couch, and chair,
For nought but bank and mound is there.

The Lady from his breaſt has ſlipped
And down among the ruins crept,
One glance — as changed that lovely fay
Before the truthful light of day
As is her dwelling — ruin drear —
From what erewhile it did appear
A château fair without compeer.

A bugle rings through foreſt glade,
The light of breaking day
Is caſt from ſhining helm and blade
And caught on pennon gay:
A page and ſquire with ſpur to ſide
Into the ſilent ruins ride:
Sir Roland on the ground they ſee
With bare and humble brow,
His caſque beſide his bended knee,
Claſped in his hand his roſarie—
He well hath kept his vow.

The Moſs-Woman.

" For pitee renneth ſone in gentil herte."

The Moſs or Wood Folk dwelt in the foreſts of Southern Germany. Their ſtature was ſmall and their form ſtrange and uncouth, bearing a ſtrong reſemblance to certain trees with which they flouriſhed and decayed: —fit reſidents for the wooded ſolitudes that for many a league ſhade the banks of that romantic river, which begins its courſe in the Black Foreſt and ends it in the Black Sea.

They were a ſimple, timid, and inoffenſive race, and had little intercourſe with mankind; approaching only at rare intervals the lonely cabin of the woodman or foreſter, to borrow ſome article of domeſtic uſe, or to beg a little of the food which the good wife was preparing for the family meal. They would alſo for ſimilar purpoſes appear to labourers in the fields which lay on the outſkirts of the foreſts. Happy they ſo viſited, for loan or gift to the Moſs-people was always repaid manifold!

But the moſt highly prized and eagerly coveted of all mortal gifts was a draught from the maternal breaſt to their own little ones; for this they held to be a ſovereign remedy for all the ills to which their natures were ſubject. Yet was it only in the extremity of danger that they could ſo overcome their natural diffidence and timidity as to aſk this boon: for they knew that mortal mothers turned from ſuch nurſlings with diſguſt and fear.

It would appear that the Moſs or Wood-folk alſo lived in ſome parts of Scandinavia. Thus we are told that in the churchyard of Store Hedding, in Zealand, there are the remains of an oak wood which were trees by day and warriors by night.

THE MOSS-WOMAN.

'T is the looked-for hour of noontide reſt,
And, with face upturned and open veſt,
The weary mowers aſleep are laid
On the ſwathes their ſinewy arms have made:
The rakers have gone to the woodland's edge
That ſkirts the field like a giant hedge,
Shelter to ſeek from the blinding heat,
And their humble midday meal to eat.

But one there is in that ruſtic band
With ſlender form and delicate hand,
Whoſe voice a tone of ſorrow bears,
And whoſe face a ſhade of ſadneſs wears:
She knitting ſits apart from the reſt,
With a roſy infant at her breaſt,
Who has played or ſlept in the fragrant hay,
Near his mother at work in the field all day.

Said Karl, when he led his comely bride
To his cottage down by the Danube ſide —
"I'll work till arm and back ſhall break,
Ere Röſchen ever touch fork or rake."

But, alas for Karl! the fever came,
Stricken was many a ſtalwart frame,
And his Röſchen the widow's tear has ſhed
O'er the grave where his manly form was laid.

Into the ſwarthy foreſt ſhade
Her penſive eye has aimleſs ſtrayed,
Till it ſadly reſts on what ſeems to be
The limb of a proſtrate moſs-grown tree:
Suddenly down her knitting ſhe flings,
Up to her feet with her child ſhe ſprings,
For creeping ſilently, ſtealthily,
Comes the limb of the prostrate moſs-grown tree.

Still on it comes, creeping ſilently,
Then riſes erect by Röſchen's knee.
"A Moſs-woman!" the haymakers cry,
And over the fields in terror they fly.
She is looſely clad from neck to foot,
In a mantle of moſs from the maple's root,
And like lichen grey on its ſtem that grows
Is the hair that over her mantle flows.

Her ſkin like the maple-rind is hard,
Brown and ridgy and furrowed and ſcarred;
And each feature flat, like the mark we ſee
Where a bough has been lopped from the bole of a tree,
When the inner bark has crept healingly round
And laps o'er the edge of the open wound:
Her knotty, root-like feet are bare;
And her height is an ell from heel to hair.

A Mofs-child clafped in her arms fhe holds,
Tenderly wrapped in her mantle-folds;
A ghaftly thing, as huelefly white
As the filver birch in the cold moonlight:
She cries to Röfchen, in accents wild—
"It is fick, it will die; oh fave my child!
Oh take to your breaft my little one,
For the pitying love you bear your own!"

The haymakers one by one appear,
And then in a whifpering crowd draw near;
As Röfchen there with her child they fee,
They call to her loudly and urgently:
But clinging about her the Mofs-woman ftands,
With the ftrength of defpair in her clutching hands,
And the tone of defpair in her accents wild—
"In pity, in pity, oh fave my child!"

Then Röfchen turns and folemnly cries—
"May I ne'er be laid where my hufband lies;
May my own child perifh before my face,
And I never look on his refting-place,
And long, long after him wearily live,
Oh neighbours! if I refufe to give
This mother my help in her agony,
For her babe, to her dear as mine to me."

Her child at once on the ground fhe lays,
And a moment its rofy cheek furveys,
Then up to her fhuddering breaft fhe holds
The babe from the Mofs-woman's mantle-folds:

About her bofom its fingers ftray
Like twigs in the breath of departing day,
And like found of twigs thus lightly ftirred
Is its voice, in a low faint wailing heard.

With looks of pity and fhame and awe
The haymakers filently backward draw,
While the Mofs-woman gazes with gliftening eye
At the knitting and thread that near her lie :
She fnatches them up with a fharp quick cry :
Like leaves in a whirlwind her fingers fly,
And fhe fcarcely feems to have well begun
When every thread on the reel is done.

And now the Mofs-child's fingers fmall
Have ftayed their twitchings and movements all,
In breathings calm ends its faint low wail,
And maple-brown grows its cheek fo pale :
With joy the mother this change beholds,
And wraps it again in her mantle-folds ;
Then points to a fmall round ball of thread
That fhe by the knitting and reel has laid.

Says — " Never again need Röfchen wield
The rake in hay or in harveft field,
But calmly at home with her little one bide
In her cottage down by the Danube fide :
Let her knitting be ever fo faft or free
The end of this ball fhe never fhall fee,
And nought from it knitted out-worn can be
Till my fapling grow to a foreft tree."

The Vila.

" Then he addreſſed him to the foreſt Vila."

Vili were nymphs who frequented the foreſts that clothe the baſes of the Eaſtern Alps. They have been ſeen traverſing glades, mounted on ſtags; or driving from peak to peak, on chariots of cloud. Servian ballads tell how Marko, the great hero of ancient Servia, was joined in bond of "brotherhood" with a Vila, who ſhowed to him the ſecrets of the future. That was when Servia was a mighty nation, extending from the Alps to the Black Sea, from the Danube to the Adriatic—before her freedom was loſt at the terrible battle of Varna.

George Petrovitſch, called *Kara*, (the Black) was the ſon of a peaſant named Petroni. "His appearance was ſtriking and ſingular, he was boldly formed and above the common ſtature. But the extraordinary length of his phyſiognomy, his ſunken eyes, and his bold forehead, bound with a ſingle treſs of black hair, gave him a look rather Aſiatic than European."

Long and bitterly had he brooded over his country's degradation. Eagerly he joined in her firſt movement to caſt off the Turkiſh yoke—a yoke which ſhe had borne for 400 years. By the wiſdom of his counſels, his unequalled bravery, and his great and comprehenſive ſtrategical ſkill, he ſoon became the choſen leader of the patriots, and was regarded as the imperſonation of the national cauſe. Throughout the long and varied war of independence, he played ſo important and conſpicuous a part, that at its cloſe he was elected chief of the ſtate.

Wiſely had the Servians choſen. What was rank or title in a cauſe like theirs? A man was wanted, not a name. Brave, and wiſe, and juſt, was their chief: brave, as had been ſhown in many a hard-fought field: wiſe, for in peace he devoted his whole energies to the conſolidation of their liberties, by the founding of inſtitutions, and the enactment of laws befitting a free people: juſt, for he cauſed his own brother, who, preſuming on his relationſhip to the chief, had committed a great crime, to be hanged at his own door, and forbade his mother to mourn for him.

From ſtern neceſſity alone had Turkey reſigned her claim to this fair province; and on the firſt appearance of European politics promiſing to favour her attempt, ſhe again deſpatched a mighty army for its reconqueſt. With their wonted valour the Servians ruſhed to the frontier—and he who wore

her coronal, whoſe ſword was as an army, whoſe preſence in the fight was victory, where was the warrior chief of Servia? Irreſolute, bewildered, loſt, he lingered in the capital; late he came, and with him brought fear and panic. On the morrow he fled into exile—for life!

After a brief campaign, Servia was again ſubdued, but the Turks (in pity was it, or in ſcorn, or in fear? In fear, for in utter deſpair there is danger) left to her a remnant of her loſt liberty.

For long years Kara George wandered in exile: at length, hearing that his countrymen were preparing for one more effort for freedom, he came to the frontier, and ſent to inform Miloſch (the then chief of the ſtate, and his old companion in arms) where he was hiding, in readineſs to join in the coming ſtruggle. That night a meſſenger departed from Miloſch to the man who, for memory of other days, was ſheltering the homeleſs wanderer.

"The head of Kara George or thine own."

He read—and obeyed.

The head of Kara George! Living, it had more terror for the foe than a rampart aflame with cannon. Dead, the vileſt of the rabble of Conſtantinople might ſpit at it as he paſſed the city gate.

The ſtruggle came. The Oſmans were expelled the land never again to return, and Miloſch was a

free Prince in Servia. But the heart that could ſend to ignominious death the man who truſted him—the brave, the wiſe, the exalted, the erring, the humbled, the penitent—prompted to acts which made his rule inſupportable. He was forced to abdicate, and himſelf to drink of the exile's bitter cup. Then the people, remembering the hero who firſt led them to victory, remembering his many ſervices and forgetting his one error, elected his ſon Georgevitſch, a wiſe and brave prince, who now rules in Servia.

THE VILA.

THE ſun behind the wood-clad mountain ſets,
And ſtealing o'er the plain comes twilight's ſhade,
Though glitter ſtill the gilded minarets
Of wall-engirt Belgrade.

All day the air has ſlept, and ſlumbers ſtill;
No ripple on the Danube gliding by,
No ſtir of leaf upon the wood-clad hill,
No cloudlet in the ſky;

Unleſs yon ſilver wreath may cloudlet be,
Upſailing on the azure ſky ſerene,
Like pleaſure bark afloat, far out at ſea,
When but the ſail is ſeen.

The up-caſt light that gilds the minarets
Strikes ſlantingly each gauzy vapour-fold,
And all its ſilver-tiſſued edges frets
With crimſon and with gold.

And ſwiftly through the ether it comes on;
Though yet the air, heat laden, ſlumbering be,
Though ripple on the river there be none,
Nor ſtir of leaf on tree.

And on it ſeated — clad in robe of white
That mingles with the vapour, fold and fold,
With ſtreaming hair out-floating 'mong the light
That fringes it with gold —

A Vila, with uplifted, warning hand,
Upon her chariot cloud comes ſwiftly on —
A Vila, like a Queen of eaſtern land
Upon her ivory throne.

And on the water's margin it deſcends,
What time a pinnace leaves the farther ſtrand
And, tracing ſtealthily the river's bends,
Comes grating on the ſand.

Its ſingle occupant a woe-bent man,
Whoſe hair is whitened, not by age but grief,
Whoſe cheek in darkſome hiding has grown wan
As hueleſs underleaf.

Is this the choſen of the dauntleſs band
That ruſhed like torrent down a mountain-gorge,
And ſwept the haughty tyrants from the land —
The patriot, Kara George?

With warning gesture, and repellent hand
  Laid sternly on the boat's uplifted prow,
The Vila hails in accents of command,
  "Hold! speak! whence comest thou?"

And he, "From exile, where I've wandered long,
  Waiting the hour when Servia should arise,
And cast the ruthless authors of her wrong
  As low as now she lies.

"The hour has come. The cry of her despair
  To other lands was passionately made;
They heard and answered not: and she will dare
  Be free without their aid.

"Her children gather in the cloister's gloom,
  In forest shades where swarthy lime-trees grow,
In lonely glen and cavern dark: I come
  To lead them to the foe."

To him the Vila, "Back! She needs thee not.
  Thou, the ungrateful! that didst from her flee
In sorest need; though from her lowest hut
  She stooped and lifted thee,

"And placed thee on her throne, and did entrust
  To thee her dear, her new-found liberty,
When from her breast fierce Osman's race was thrust,
  And she erect stood, free.

"And when returned again that hated race,
And to the combat rushed her children all,
Didst thou in fight among them take thy place,
With them to stand or fall?

"The land thou hast forsaken thee forsakes;
Hence! and in exile linger out thy life!
For Servia now another chieftain takes
When arming for the strife."

And he, with blush upon his visage wan,
"I would but follow where her chieftain leads;
I would but bleed beside the meanest man
For Servia that bleeds;

"I would for Servia but strike one blow—
One blow to cleanse my deep dishonoured brand;
I would but bring to dust one Osman foe,
Then die beneath his hand."

And she, with calm and measured utterance,
"The foot that fled thy country in her need,
Shall never in the honoured ranks advance
That go for her to bleed.

"No foe shall sink thy recreant hand beneath;
No foeman's blade in battle shall be crossed
With thine, that hung ignobly in its sheath
When liberty was lost.

"No battle-field ſhall ſee thee part with life—
The death that doth the ſoldier true beſeem—
Above thy ſlumbering head the aſſaſſin's knife,
In Servian hand, ſhall gleam."

And he, in humbleneſs, "So let it be!
And thou, oh Servia, back unto thy breaſt—
Though in thy ſorrow I did from thee flee—
Wilt take this head to reſt."

Then ſhe, in tones that through his boſom went,
"No; from thy country's breaſt it ſhall be torn,
And to the foeman's capital be ſent—
A trophy and a ſcorn!"

And he, in voice unchanged, "So let it be!
And more, if I by ſuffering may atone
For my great ſinning, Servia, to thee—
From me ſhall riſe no moan."

Then ſhe, in tones conſoling, ſoft and low;
"Paſs to thy country and reſign thy breath;
Paſs, and lay down the burthen of thy woe;
Paſs, ſoldier, to thy death—

"As true as he who in the battle bleeds:
Yea, thou art worthy of thy country yet!
And ſhe will cheriſh all thy noble deeds,
Thy ſingle fault forget.

"And ſhe ſhall be a nation, happy, free—
  Though long the ſtruggle ere the prize be won—
And ſhe ſhall give, for memory of thee,
  Her crown unto thy ſon.

"Paſs, choſen of the people, patriot chief;
  Paſs to thy country and reſign thy breath;
Paſs, and lay down the burthen of thy grief;
  Paſs, ſoldier, to thy death."

La Dame Abonde.

" And Joan of Arc,
A light of ancient France."

La Dame Abonde was the Queen of Fées. Her chofen places of abode were the forefts of Lorraine—thofe mighty forefts that, themfelves unchanged, had witneffed the mutations of centuries—the hunting-grounds of the grand old Carlovingian Kings.

The duties of the Fées were numerous and important; extending from the protection of the humbleft floweret to infpiring the thoughts and prompting the actions (through the medium of dreams) of thofe who worked out the deftinies of the nation. And never did Fée whifper word in the dreaming ear of mortal fo eventful in its refults, as when their Queen bade the young fhepherdefs of Domremy repair to the Fairy Fountain, beneath the Fairy Tree, on the outfkirts of the foreft of Lorraine, there to be fhown how fhe

" might fuccour France."

The fair, the noble, the heroic Joan of Arc! hear how they ſpeak of her, the old chroniclers—

"A young wench of an eighteene years old, of favour was ſhe counted likeſome, of perſon ſtronglie made and manlie, of courage great, hardie and ſtout withal."

"She had a modeſt countenance, ſweet, civill and reſolute; her diſcourſe was temperate, reaſonable and retired; her actions cold, ſhowing great chaſtitie."

Nay, the modern writers will not be outdone by the ancient.

"She came from the hills and foreſts of Lorraine—like the Hebrew ſhepherd boy from the hills and foreſts of Judæa—roſe ſuddenly out of the quiet, out of the ſafety, out of the religious inſpiration rooted in deep paſtoral ſolitudes, to a ſtation in the van of armies, and to the more perilous ſtation at the right hand of kings."

But ſhe who by her words of hope and faith rouſed the youth and manhood of France from the lethargy of deſpair; ſhe who led them to victory, teaching the haughty chiefs the battle-order of their legions, and the ſtern ſoldiery the time to ſmite and the time to ſpare—

"She drank not herſelf from that cup of reſt which ſhe had ſecured for France. She never ſang together with the ſongs that roſe in her native Domremy, as echoes to the departing ſteps of invaders. She mingled not in the feſtal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France."

Be it ſo! She had lived for France, not for herſelf: in her life ſhe had been aſſured of its freedom in the coming time, and her beatified ſpirit looked down from heaven on its fulfilment.

LA DAME ABONDE.

Night refts upon Lorraine—ftill, filent night;
  The winter moon and ftars, calm, clear and cold,
Shed through the thin and frofty air their light
  On foreft and on wold.

The foreft, with its outline ftraight and fquare,
  And ranks clofe ranged, compact and motionlefs,
Doth feem a warrior hoft prepared to dare
  Stern battle in its place.

And out upon the wold, advanced, doth grow
  A giant beech, that might its leader be—
Oh France, that this were fo! that this were fo!
  And they to ftrike for thee!

This mighty tree upon the wold alone,
  The mightieft and faireft in the land,
Was brought from realm of Faëry, ages gone,
  And by a fpirit hand

Was planted near the margent of yon well
  That is not ſwayed by ſeaſon, air, or ſky,
That winter froſts or rains nor freeze nor ſwell,
  Nor ſummer droughts can dry.

Within that beech's ſhadow, dappled brown,
  La Dame Abonde, the ſtar-crowned Queen of Fées,
While that the moon, full-orbed, looks ſmiling down,
  And while that ſhe doth gaze

Into the fountain's mirror, holds her court;
  And there, from far and near where they have been,
Her heralds and her miniſters reſort
  To render to their Queen

Their taſks' account; what they have done of good
  To humbleſt flower that by the wayſide grows,
To ſmalleſt bird that pipes in hedge and wood,
  Or man, as frail as thoſe.

The moon, full-orbed, into the well looks down,
  Her face is mirrored in the waters clear,
And Fées are gathering in the beech ſhade brown
  From miſſions far and near.

And there, erect and tall, Abonde the Queen,
  Brow-girt with golden circlet, that doth bear
A ſmall, bright, ſcintillating ſtar between
  Her braids of duſky hair.

But every meſſenger brings tale of grief—
  Of crime and ſuffering, of waſte and want,
Of patriot's cry, deſpairing of relief,
  Of foeman's cruel vaunt,

Of ruined homes and homeſteads, fields laid bare,
  Of nightly conflagrations, flaming far,
Of dreadful ſounds upon the tainted air,
  And all the woes of war.

To them the gentle Queen, " Be ye conſoled;
  Theſe evil days are paſſing to an end;
Even now I hear her ſtep upon the wold
  To whom the foe muſt bend."

And, lo! againſt the ſky-line clearly traced,
  With ſhadow on the moorland forward caſt,
A female form, that comes with ſtep of haſte—
  A maiden, nearing faſt;

Of graceful form, and meek and comely face,
  And look ſublimed by thought and purpoſe high;—
" What ſeek'ſt thou, mortal, in this ſpirit place?—
  La Dame Abonde am I."

To her with modeſt mien replied the maid,
  A gentle tremor in her utterance,
" Thou art the Lady of my dream, who ſaid
  That I might ſuccour France."

"And dar'ſt thou look upon the future?" "Yea,
If I may ſuccour France by what I ſee—
If I may brighten but by one faint ray
Her night of miſery."

They ſtand upon the fountain's dewy lip—
Straightway the Queen, with ſlow deſcending hand,
Doth deep into its cryſtal boſom dip
A long, white, ſlender wand.

A moment, and it ſoftly is withdrawn—
The maiden's ſemblance true the fountain ſhews,
Her father's paſture-fields at early dawn
With flocks and kine ſhe knows,

And there her rural home; her mother old
Beſide its open doorway weeping ſtands,
And there her father ſtern, her brothers bold,
And one with claſpëd hands—

"Forſake me not, my promiſed bride!" And ſhe,
"I am the promiſed bride of France; and great
Her longing for my coming, mournfully
Doth ſhe look forth and wait."

Again the wand is on the waters laid;
Its ripples ſpread and ſhift and undulate—
Again within it mirrored is the maid,
But now in halls of ſtate,

The halls of Vaucouleurs, with glancing lights,
And ſparkling feaſt upon the ample board;
High dames and nobles, gallant ſquires and knights,
Around its brave old lord.

The maid ſtands in the midſt with lifted hand,
"I claim a guide and eſcort to the King;
Up, Warriors of France, and graſp the brand,
The wine-cup from ye fling!"

Again upon the waters falls the wand,
And ſtraight the ſcene is to a palace changed—
The King and courtiers gay, linked hand in hand,
For dance and ſport arranged;

The maiden at the monarch's knee doth plead,
"Is this a time, uncrownëd King of France,
While that thy cities blaze, thy ſubjects bleed,
To tread the idle dance?

"Lift up thy bannered lilies!" While ſhe ſpoke
The ſhining wand deſcended on the well,
Smiting with rapid and indignant ſtroke,
And reſting where it fell.

Riſe on its ruffled ſurface roof and tower,
As of a mighty city ſeen by night,
While over all dark clouds of tempeſt lower,
With lightning darting bright.

And light more terrible than lightning, din
  More dread than that which on the lightning waits—
A leaguered town; want, peſtilence within,
  And foemen at the gates.

Now who ſhall ſave in this extremity?
  The wand is from the foùntain drawn, and lo!
An ambuſhed band, with bannered fleurs-de-lis,
  Doth burſt upon the foe,

And they are ſcattered and the city free!
  Joy, joy and triumph now for woe and wail;
Bend to the leader of that band the knee—
  A youthful maid in mail!

Upon the well the wand deſcends again—
  The victor band is by the maiden led
Againſt a hoſt embattled on the plain,
  The hoſt erewhile that fled.

Long, long and ſtern the ſtruggle; veteran pride
  And ſtrength and hardihood and courage true,
United, ſtrive to ſtem the fiery tide
  That burſteth through and through

Their long grim line that riſeth like a wall;
  Till gap on gap enlarging, meet, unite;
And few are they who ſtand to them who fall,
  And weary they who ſmite.

The wand dips to the fountain as before—
  For battle-plain is ſeen a ſacred pile,
All banner-hung from altar-dais to door,
  And 'long each pillared aiſle;

And ſcroll and blazon ſpeak of victory,
  While at the altar-ſtone the maid doth bow;
And there the King, anointed, bends the knee,
  The crown upon his brow.

The wand is ſtayed deſcending. Inſtant ſhifts
  And fades the ſcene. No other takes its place.
Nought but the placid moon. The maiden lifts
  Unto the Queen her face,

Enquiring earneſtly, "And is it free?
  My country, is it free?" The Queen, "Thus far
Proſperity. Thus far from victory
  To victory the war.

"'Tis paſt. Upon the future dar'ſt thou ſtill
  Look out? 'Tis dark with many woes."
The maid, "Of paſt or future, good or ill,
  Prosperity or loſs,

"Take I no note but as it toucheth France.
  I dare look out upon the dark." The wand
Is reared and poiſed, like javelin or lance,
  With white compreſſing hand,

And ſtruck into the wave that flaſhes high
  And guſhes o'er the marge, and foams and heaves,
And moans and welters as in agony,
  As when an arrow cleaves

The cuiraſs and the breaſt of living man.
  Behold upon the ſevered wave, back toſſed,
The bannered fleurs-de-lis, the broken van
  Of a recoiling hoſt,

Back, back within the city's ſheltering walls. —
  Foe-fronting ſtands the maiden as of yore;
They come, they round encompaſs her, ſhe falls,
  A captive, bleeding ſore.

Again the wand, with dull and ſullen ſound,
  Falls prone upon the wave. — A dungeon drear,
A crouching form upon the dark, damp ground,
  The maiden's armour near.

Again, and yet again, and yet again,
  Like to a death-bell hammer, heavy, ſlow,
The wand deſcends, and with a deep refrain,
  Reſponſive to each blow,

The waters anſwer as they darkly part —
  A city old, with lofty tower and ſpire;
Long ſtreets with ruſhing crowds, and on the mart
  A ſoldier-guarded pyre.

And through the mocking crowds the maid is led—
  A living ſea that round her ſways and bends;
Upon the dark pyre ſhe is bound, and red
  And ſwift the flame aſcends.

The wand is waved above the well. The ſcene
  Hath paſſed away. No other takes its place.
Nought but the moon. The maid then to the Queen,
  With calm but earneſt face,

"Now is it free? My country, is it free?"
  The Queen with radiant ſmile glanced at the well,
While round her head the wand flew rapidly
  And on the waters fell.

In wild turmoil they move—wave breaking quick
  On wave, bearing upon their ridges creſt
And plume of knights a-charge, and foreſt thick
  Of ſpears laid ſtern in reſt:

Gay banners flutter, fall, are trampled, torn,
  By hand, by hoof of ſteed, by wheel of car;
But ſtill the fleurs-de-lis are bravely borne
  Above the waves of war.

Around and levelled, pitileſs doth come
  The wand with laſh on laſh, till every trace
Of wave or war is gone, and only foam
  Is on the fountain's face—

And lo! from out the foam, in lengthy line,
  Like to a flock of fea-birds on the wing,
The white fails of a fleet upon the brine,
  Departing, leffening.

And faft as they recede, and on the brine
  Their fwift and furrow-tracing keels advance,
Arife the purple bofkage of the vine
  And funny fields of France.

Low droops the maiden's head; while eafeful tears
  From her o'erbrimming eyes fall faft and large.
The fcene hath paffed. The moon's faint rim appears
  Upon the fountain's marge,

And leffer grows, and lefs, and fadeth quite.
  The maiden ftands alone; but faft and far
Is fhooting down the foreft glade a bright
  And fcintillating ftar.

"Thou fhalt be free!" She fayeth only this,
  Out-paffing from the fhadow of the tree,
In low foft tones of quiet happinefs—
  "France, France, thou fhalt be free!"

FAIRIES

OF THE

FIELDS AND MEADOWS.

The Wee Fair Folk.

" And in their courſes make that round
In meadows and in marſhes found,
By them ſo called the Fairy ground,
Of which they have the keeping."

The Wee Fair Folk appear to have been more widely ſcattered than any other branch of their race. Traces of them, more or leſs diſtinct, are to be found in all the Weſt and North of Europe; but it is in Scotland that they ſeem to have been moſt numerous, and to have lingered the lateſt. They lived in the ſunny meadows, and had for dwellings the interior of little moſs-crowned hillocks, round which they led their dances, tracing on the graſs circles of the deepeſt green. Within theſe circles it was dangerous for mortals to reſt or ſleep, for the Fair Folk generally puniſhed ſuch tranſgreſſions ſeverely; either the offender was made lame for the reſt of his life, ſo that he might not be able to repeat the offence, or he was ſtricken with ſome diſeaſe of which he died before the end of the year. This puniſhment may be viewed as unmeritedly ſevere, but it muſt be re-

membered that thefe fairy dwellings were peculiarly expofed to the depredations of the mifchievous or difhoneft; and when the tranfgreffion was made with no difhoneft intent, or from no vulgar curiofity to pry into the affairs of the Fairies, no punifhment was inflicted. On the other hand, to thofe who protected, or otherwife fhewed regard for, thefe their chofen places of refidence and recreation, they were ever grateful,—as fhewn in the old rhyme—

"He wha tills the fairies' green,
Nae luck again fhall hae;
And he wha fpills the fairies' ring
Betide him want and wae—
For weirdlefs days and weary nights
Are his till his deein' day."

* * * * *

"He wha gaes by the fairies' ring
Nae dule nor pine fhall fee,
And he wha cleans the fairies' ring
An eafy death fhall dee."

THE WEE FAIR FOLK.

—♦—

PART I.

" We the orphan's head will ſhield;
  You an hour ſhall later ſpin,
I will ſooner go a-field,
  Little Lily's bread to win."
Thus the kindly neighbours ſaid—
" We will ſhield the orphan's head,
We will win the orphan's bread."

Her father periſhed in the wave,
  Years agone and far away;
They laid her mother in the grave
  Only yeſterday;
Ere her weary ſpirit fled
To her orphan child ſhe ſaid,

" The goal is won, my race is run,
  And paſt my ſorrowing,

To a land beyond the ſun
  I am journeying;
Your father with a ſeraph band
Stands upon the golden ſtrand,
And beckons with his ſhining hand—
Seek us in the ſpirit-land."

Lily, Lily, whither now
  With your flowing hair
Backward ſtreaming from your brow,
  Neck and ſhoulders bare?
Whither with your earneſt eyes,
Bluer than the ſummer ſkies,

Little feet that ſcarcely preſs
  The gowan to the graſs,
Tottering with eagerneſs,
  Lily, as you paſs—
Whither with your happy ſmile,
Talking, talking all the while?

'Croſs the green and o'er the ſtile,
  Down the ſhady lane,
Saying, with your happy ſmile,
  "We ſhall meet again.
Mother, with the ſeraph band
Stand upon the golden ſtrand,
Guide me with your ſhining hand;
I ſeek you in the ſpirit-land."

Down the ſhady lane, between
  Hedge-rows cloſe and high,
Out into the meadow green
  Spread from ſky to ſky—
"Show to me your ſhining hand;
Guide me to the ſpirit-land."

O'er the meadow, on and on,
  With her weary feet,
O'er the meadow, all alone,
  In the ſummer heat;
The boundleſs meadow, that doth lie
Like a ſea 'tween ſky and ſky.

"I will reſt a little ſpace—"
  She ſinks upon the ground;
Lo, a fitting reſting place
  Her glowing cheek hath found;
A hillock all with moſſes grown,
Tawny, green, and ruſſet brown,
Soft as tufts of eider down.

Lo, a fitting reſting place
  Her weary feet have found;
An ell beyond the hillock's baſe,
  Circling it around,
A ring of deeper, darker green
Than aught upon the meadow ſeen.

Head on hillock, feet on ring,
   Arms croſſed on breaſt—
"Mother, in my journeying
   Watch me while I reſt;
Stand upon the golden ſtrand,
Watch me from the ſpirit-land."

PART II.

Hark! the little hill within
   Humming ſtrange is heard,
Like the million voicëd din
   When the hive is ſtirred;
Left and right, by cords unſeen,
Parts a tuft of lichen green,
Showing archëd gate between.

A horſeman comes, with horn at lip
   And bell at bridle rein,
With jewelled hand and ſilken whip
   Reſting on the mane;
Then two heralds ſide by ſide
In their broidered veſtments ride.

Sounds the horn—a pauſe ſucceeds—
   Come the King and Queen,
On their prancing milk-white ſteeds,
   In their mantles green—
Mantles that to fetlock fall;
Sceptre, ſtar, and coronal.

Lord and Lady, Squire and Knight,
   Chamberlain and Groom,
Steeds of grey and ſteeds of white
   Prancing, prancing come;
Houſings all with jewels ſheen,
Plumes and ſcarfs and mantles green.

Round and round and round the ring,
   Three and three they ride,
Triple row encompaſſing
   The hill on every ſide:
Sounds the horn. Each hoof is ſtill,
And all ſtand fronting to the hill.

Thrice the herald, every time
   With a louder call,
"Behold, behold, behold the crime,
   Behold the criminal!
A mortal ſleeping on the ground
That girds the Fairy Palace round!

"Court of Fairy, what ſhall be
  That mortal's puniſhment?"
Every eye is inſtantly
  On the ſleeper bent;
All are ſilent, not a word
From the triple row is heard.

Cries the ſecond herald, "Ho!
  For that ſhe is young,
For that ſhe doth dwell below
  Strangers all among,
For that ſhe is pure and good,
And oh, too, for her orphanhood,

"Court of Fairy, ſet her free!
  Let the ſleeper go!"
Every tongue cries inſtantly
  From the triple row,
"Free! free! Set the ſleeper free!
Free as when ſhe came go ſhe!"

Rides the Queen within the ring,
  And her beaming eyes
Their light upon the ſleeper fling.—
  "Never frown," ſhe cries,
"Shall fall where ſmile of mine has lain;
Nor cloud of ſorrow, care, or pain,
Shall dim thy ſkyey glance again."

Rides the King within the ring,
  Sceptre lifted now
Till it may its ſhadow fling
  On the ſleeper's brow:—
"Name thy deareſt wiſh to me,
And accompliſhed it ſhall be
Ere another ſummer ſee
Flower on mead or leaf on tree."

And the ſleeper—did ſhe hear?—
  Maketh this requeſt:—
"Be anear me, mother dear,
  Watch me while I reſt;
Let me join the ſeraph band;
Take me to the ſpirit-land."

Sounds the horn. Left and right
  Wheels the triple row,
Steeds of grey and ſteeds of white
  Prancing, prancing go;
Houſings all with jewels ſheen,
Plumes and ſcarfs and mantles green,
Fairy Court and King and Queen.

Sun is ſetting. Silver Moon
  Trembles in the ſkies;
Night is coming—coming ſoon—
  Miſts and vapours riſe:
Lily looks up from the ground;
There the neighbours ſtanding round
Have the little wanderer found.

Again, ere flower in mead is found,
  Or leaf on tree is ſeen,
The weeping neighbours ſtand around
  Another hillock green :
There Lily ſleeps—but ſleeps beneath—
Sleeps the dreamleſs ſleep of death.
She has joined the ſeraph band ;
She is in the ſpirit-land.

The Lutin.

"And late repentance which ſhall long abide."

The Lutin of Normandy in many reſpects reſembled Robin Goodfellow. Like him he had many names, and like him had the power of aſſuming many forms; but the Lutin's pranks were uſually of a more ſerious nature than thoſe of the "trickſy ſpirit" of Merrie England. Many a man laid his ruin at the Lutin's door; although it muſt be confeſſed that in theſe caſes neighbours were uncharitable enough to ſay, that the Lutin had leſs to do with it than habits of Want-of-thrift and Self-indulgence. Thus, on market days when a farmer lingered late over his ale, either in driving a cloſe bargain or in enjoying the ſociety of a boon companion, he declared the Lutin was ſure to play him ſome ſpiteful trick on his way home: his horſe would ſtumble—he would be thrown—he would loſe his purſe—or loſe his way. If the farmer perſiſted in theſe habits, more ſerious would become the Lutin's tricks: the ſheep-pens would be unfaſtened, the cow-houſe and ſtable doors left open, and the flocks and cattle be found in the

morning among the ſtanding corn and unmown hay; while every ſervant on the farm would ſwear to his own innocence, and unheſitatingly lay the blame on the Lutin. Similar tricks were played on the fiſhermen by the *Nain Rouge*—another name for the Lutin. He opened the meſhes of the nets and ſet the fiſh free; he removed the floats and let the nets ſink to the bottom; or the ſinkers, and let the nets float away on the retiring tide. True, if cloſely queſtioned, the fiſhermen would confeſs that on theſe occaſions the night was dark or ſtormy, the bothy warm, and the grog plentiful; and that inſtead of drawing their nets at the proper time, they had delayed it till morning. Again, he would appear like a little black nag, ready bridled and ſaddled, quietly feeding by the way-ſide; but woe to the luckleſs wight who mounted him!—unleſs indeed he did ſo for ſome charitable or holy purpoſe, in which caſe he was borne with the ſpeed of the wind to his deſtination. In this form the Lutin played his wildeſt pranks and was called *Le Cheval Bayard.*

THE LUTIN.

On his little black nag rides the good Father Paul,
With a bleſſing and ſmile for the villagers all;
"Ah, bleſs the good father," the old folks ſay,
As he trots through the village and down the roadway;
"And bleſs the black nag," cry the children all,
"That carries ſo lightly the good Father Paul."

As down the ſtill roadway the good father goes—
A green graſſy lane between ſunny hedgerows,
Where the wild vetch ſtretches its tendrils fine
Till its ſky-hued blooms with the wild roſe twine—
His little nag ſuddenly ſwerves and ſhies
At a man that aſleep by the roadſide lies.

To his feet in a moment he laughingly leaps,
And round his right hand to his forehead he ſweeps,
And raiſes his cap from his curly hair
As he jauntily bends with a courtier's air,
And pleaſantly ſmiles with his bold bright face—
'Tis Antoine, the well-favoured ſcant-of-grace.

"Not here ſhould be lying a widow's ſon,
Not thus did your father live, Antoine;
All day at his work in his field he kept,
And at night at home in his bed he ſlept,
And duly on Sabbath at church was ſeen—
But 'tis long ſince his ſon in that place has been."

"True, father, I know I'm an erring ſheep—
What a beautiful pony is this you keep!
With his arching neck and his ſpringy limb,
And his rounded joint ſo ſmooth and ſlim,
An ear like a ſquirrel, and what an eye!
Not Bayard himſelf—" "My ſon, fie, fie!

"Liken him not to the Lutin, I pray,
Nor name the horſe-fiend in that graceleſs way,
Leſt (although you may now my warning ſlight)
Antoine, leſt you ride him yourſelf ſome night."
Then the good father rattled his bridle-rein,
And trotted away down the greeny lane.

"If he come in the ſhape of that nag of thine,
Or be he a fiend or a ſprite divine,
I will mount him, I, come weal or come woe,
And give him the rein where he liſts to go;
On road or in field, by ſun or moonlight—
Pardieu, I would ride him this very night

"He is gone with the ſoldier's widow to pray,
And will reach her cottage at twilight grey;
An hour at the leaſt he will there remain,
And will leave the pony to feed in the lane:
There's a path through the marſh that is ſafe by day;
I could reach the cottage as ſoon as they.

"At Alençon to-morrow is market-day,
And the next but one is the fête of Bernai;
But at either of theſe he known might be;
I could croſs the Seine to the camp at Puys,*
Where the tents are pitched on the cliffy ſhore;—
He will ſell for a hundred louis-d'or."

A backward ſtep and a forward bound—
He is over the hedge on the furrowed ground,
And breaks away with the ſtride of a deer,
Unheeding a voice that pleads in his ear—
"*Antoine, oh Antoine, add not crime to crime,*
Stay, ſtay and repent while there yet is time!"

It is not a voice of mortal breath,
It ſounds like his father's, long mute in death,
And earneſtly, fervently, with him it pleads,
Yet never he halts or its pleading heeds—
"*Antoine, oh Antoine, add not crime to crime,*
Stay, ſtay and repent while there yet is time!"

* The remains of a large intrenched camp are yet to be ſeen near the village of Puys, on the coaſt of Normandy.

"Monſeigneur's hunter I've ta'en from the ſtall,
And led him paſt grooms and lackeys and all;
And my Lady's palfrey untied from the gate,
While her page with her maid in the arbour ſate—"
"*Antoine, oh Antoine, add not crime to crime,*
Stay, ſtay and repent while there yet is time!"

"From the trooper's tent his charger I've led,
Though trooper and charger both ſhared one bed;
On the farmer's beaſt I have galloped away,
While he ſtayed for the wine I had drunk to pay—"
"*Antoine, oh Antoine, add not crime to crime,*
Stay, ſtay and repent while there yet is time!"

Again he comes into the narrow roadway,—
There feeds the black nag in the twilight gray;
He lays his right hand on the ſhoulder ſo ſleek,
The ſaddle-girth feels, ſets the bridle apeak—
"*Antoine, oh Antoine, add not crime to crime,*
Stay, ſtay and repent while there yet is time!"

On tip-toe he ſtands and looks carefully round,
Then into the ſaddle he vaults from the ground—
"Ha, ha, dying folks, for yourſelves you muſt pray!
Fair godmothers, alter the chriſtening day!
Gay bridegroom, your work-a-day jerkin don!
The prieſt cannot come, for his nag is gone!"

Aye, gone like an arrow from archer's bow
When his ſtern eye covers the breaſt of a foe,
And nothing is heeded and nothing is ſeen
The breaſt and the keen arrow-head between;
So ſudden the flight and ſo great the ſpeed,
So ſtraight the courſe of the little black ſteed.

A riſe in the ſaddle the rider juſt knows,
And over the hedge like a bird he goes;
Though the field in furrows lies freſh and deep,
No ſwallow did ever its ſurface ſweep
With its jetty wing on its headlong flight,
As the little black ſteed ſkims o'er it to-night.

Again down the echoing road he flies;
What lights are theſe that before them riſe?
A row on each hand till they both unite—
"Nay, not through Alençon ride we to-night."
He ſtoops and takes in each hand a rein,—
But motionleſs both at his ſides remain!

All motionleſs, arm and hand and rein,
Like the cloſëd links of an iron chain
That rigidly, helpleſsly bind him down,
And on they go galloping to the town.—
He muſt keep the ſaddle, come weal or come woe,
And the horſe wherever he liſts may go.

The breath that ſtreams from his noſtrils wide
Leaves a luminous track on either ſide,
Flat back in his neck lies each quivering ear,
And his eyeballs bright as the lamps appear,
As he gallops between the ſhining rows,—
And the rider the terrible horſe-fiend knows.

To the right, to the left, the townsfolk fly,
To the right, to the left, with ſhout and with cry;
They get but a glance of a ſteed coal-black
With a death-pale rider upon his back.—
The rows of lamps in behind them glide,
And out in the moonlight again they ride.

The terror that lifted his every hair
Is ſubſiding in paſſionleſs, blank deſpair;
And his father's voice that pleaded in vain,
By his ſide, now in prayer, he hears again—
"For the widow's ſake ſpare the widow's ſon,
Her laſt, her cheriſhed, her only one!"

Away over pale, over dyke, over wall,
Through underwood denſe and through foreſt tall,
Upbreaſting the ſteep and ſcouring the plain
And cleaving the fields of girth-deep grain—
"For the widow's ſake ſpare the widow's ſon,
Her laſt, her cheriſhed, her only one!"

Again through the echoing ſtreets away,
Paſt the gaudy booths for the fête of Bernai ;
All ſilently, ſwiftly behind them glide,
And out in the moonlight again they ride—
"*For the widow's ſake ſpare the widow's ſon,*
Her laſt, her cheriſhed, her only one!"

Paſt chateaux ſtately and high they ſweep,
Paſt huts where the humble peaſants ſleep;
Over vine-clad hill, over barren plain,
And into the tide of the rapid Seine—
"*For the widow's ſake ſpare the widow's ſon,*
Her laſt, her cheriſhed, her only one!"

The foaming waves on his breaſt that break
Unite in a long white ſtreak in his wake;
The waters behind them ſilently glide,
And out in the moonlight again they ride—
"*For the widow's ſake ſpare the widow's ſon,*
Her laſt, her cheriſhed, her only one!"

'Gainſt the moonlit ſky, like ſails on the ſea,
Stand the ſnowy tents of the camp at Puys;
Over mound and foſſe and entrenchment deep,
And up on the breezy plateau they leap—
"*For the widow's ſake ſpare the widow's ſon,*
Her laſt, her cheriſhed, her only one!"

Ere the ſentinel ſcared his breath can bring,
Or his matchlock up to his ſhoulder ſwing,
On the cliffy ledge of the ocean ſhore
They hang—they ſink—and he ſees no more;
But a ſhriek of horror and wild deſpair
Comes up from the deep on the midnight air.

Now the faded leaves from the trees come down;
The hedge-rows are open and bare and brown;
No bloom of the wild vetch, no bud of the roſe
By the cheerleſs and ſhelterleſs roadſide blows;
And wiſtfully noting theſe changes all,
A ſtranger comes ſeeking the good Father Paul.

His face ſo haggard has once been fair,
And countleſs the curls of his ſnow-white hair;
His thin lengthy limb as a lance is ſtraight,
And the width of his cheſt even yet is great—
"'T was ſummer with me, and 't was ſummer with all,
When here I laſt met with the good Father Paul."

The villagers cluſter at window and door—
They ſeem to have ſeen this ſtranger before!—
And the children look up and in wonder ſtare
At the tall pale man with the ſnow-white hair:
And wiſtfully noting theſe changes all
He enters the dwelling of good Father Paul.

Long, long his confeffion, his vows fincere,—
The good father trembles the tale to hear
Of his fearful ride, and cry of defpair
From the lonely deep on the midnight air;
Of anfwering fifhermen nearing faft,
Of months in fever and frenzy paft.

"Pray often, pray often for me, Father Paul,
And pray for the generous fifhermen all,
Who fpread their nets on the moonlit fea
By the cliffy fhores at the camp at Puys.—"
That night the widow embraced her fon,
Her erring, her loft, her found Antoine.

The Monaciello.

"This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove ſo."

The Monaciello or Little Monk ſeems to have lived excluſively in that portion of Southern Italy called Naples. The preciſe place where he dwelt does not appear to be accurately known; but it is reaſonably ſuppoſed to have been in ſome of thoſe impoſing remains of Abbeys and Monaſteries, that crown many of the picturesque hills of this moſt picturesque country. When the Monaciello appeared to mortals, it was always at the dead of night; and then only to thoſe who were in ſoreſt need, who themſelves had done all that mortal could do to prevent or alleviate the diſtreſs that had befallen them, and after all human aid had failed. Then it was that the Monk appeared, and mutely beckoning them to follow, he led them to where treaſure was concealed—ſtipulating no conditions for its expenditure, demanding no promiſe of repayment, exacting no duty or ſervice in return.

Men have vainly aſked, was it actual treaſure he gave, or did it merely appear ſo to the external

ſenſes, to be changed into leaves or ſtones when the day and the occaſion of its requirement had paſſed? And if actual treaſure, how did it come in the place of its concealment, and by whom was it there depoſited? Was it ill-got gain, the unbleſſed fruits of uſury, and the ſin of its accumulation to be thus wiped out by its charitable after-uſe? Was it the price of yet darker guilt, with the red ſtain of bloody fingers on the coins, that holy ground alone could cleanſe? Or was it the golden fruits of peaceful induſtry, the offerings of piety, treaſured up for occaſions of love and charity? Enough to know that it was always believed to be actual treaſure; enough to know that it always ſufficed for the requirements of thoſe who received it; enough to know that it was always worthily beſtowed.

In Germany, the wood-ſpirit Rubezahl performed ſimilar acts of beneficence and kindneſs to poor and deſerving perſons; and the money he gave proved to be, or paſſed for, the current coin of the realm: while in Ireland, the O'Donoghue, who dwelt beneath the waters of an inland lake, and rode over its ſurface on a ſteed white as the foam of its waves, diſtributed treaſures that proved genuine to the good, but ſpurious to the undeſerving.

THE MONACIELLO.

From Naples' ſmooth and tideleſs bay,
From high St. Elmo's towers of fame,
To where, like dawn of grandeſt day,
Veſuvius lifts his creſt of flame,
And to the ſunny hills beyond,
So ſweet a homeſtead there is not
As that Franciſco's father owned,
In this fair land the faireſt ſpot.

Light labour his, from year to year
His olive-rows to prune and train;
For helpmates and companions dear
His gentle wife and children twain:
And twiſting, twining, warp and woof,
The vine ran out its tendrils ſtrong,
Till door and window, wall and roof
Were hid the foliage among.

One day came to this home of peace
A trader on the faithleſs main,
Who viewed content as blameful eaſe,
And talked of merchandiſe and gain.

"One venture," cried he, "on the ſeas,
  Where fortune ever waits the brave,
Were more than from your vines and trees
  In fifty ſummers you could ſave!"

When from the houſe the trader went,
  Low ſtooping 'neath its porchway green,
Ah, with him parted the content
  That had erewhile its inmate been!
One venture on the bounteous ſeas,
  Where fortune ever waits the brave,
Were more than from my vines and trees
  In fifty ſummers I could ſave.

One venture on the bounteous ſeas—
  'T was like an echo, ever near,
Neglected were his vines and trees
  Its dulcet whiſperings to hear.
There fortune ever waits the brave—
  He borrowed florins thouſands three,
And for them bond of ſurety gave
  On home and homeſtead, land and tree.

The venture failed. As comes the tide
  Of aſhes black and ſcorching flame
Adown the trembling mountain-ſide,
  So on his heart the tidings came:
And never ſmiled he from that day,
  Or ſpoke, to hope or to repine;
And ſoon beneath the ſward he lay,
  As 'neath the lava lies the vine.

To-morrow muſt the bond be paid,
  No day of reſpite will be given;
Franciſco well may bow the head,
  And well may call for aid from Heaven.
"'Tis not becauſe I loathe to give
  For daily hire my daily toil,
Or in a rented hovel live,
  And for a ſtranger dig the ſoil;

"'Tis not becauſe I dread to ſee
  The axe among my father's trees,
Though every branchlet has for me
  A ſtore of bliſsful memories;
Nor is it for the grief I feel
  From this my childhood's home to part,
Though here would ſound a ſtranger's heel
  As if 'twere treading on my heart.

"Theſe uncomplaining I could bear,
  But, oh my ſiſter, fair and young!
And, mother, with your ſilver hair,
  For you, for you my heart is wrung!"
With brow bent to the ground he cries—
  "The orphan's promiſed ſtay art Thou;
In Thee the widow's ſhelter lies,
  In Thee, in Thee! O help us now!"

While thus upon the ground he kneels,
  Nor ſound is made, nor ſhadow thrown,
Nor touch is given, and yet he feels
  He is not in the room alone:

And lifting up his ſtreaming eyes
  Upon a preſence ſtrange they reſt;
Stands there a Monk of dwarfiſh ſize,
  In cloak and cowl of ſable dreſſed:—

His eyes like ſtars in winter night
  Beneath their ſombre covering gleam,
His face is ſhadowy and white
  As miſt that hangs o'er marſh or ſtream:—
A moment there in ſilence ſtands,
And beckons with uplifted hands;
Then through the open door he glides,
And after him Franciſco ſtrides.

And when he gains the outer door
  The Monk ſtands by the garden gate,
With ſign to follow as before
  Impatiently he ſeems to wait;
Points to a trench where ſtands a ſpade—
The ſilent geſture is obeyed—
Then through the open gate he glides,
And after him Franciſco ſtrides.

Down, down the bowery mountain-ſide,
  And through the wooded glen below,
Where orange-groves their riches hide,
  And branching limes and citrons grow;
And up the vine-clad terraced ſteep,
Through moonlight clear and ſhadow deep,
Still on the Monk in ſilence glides,
And after him Franciſco ſtrides.

And never lofes he nor gains,
  Or up the fteep or 'mong the trees,
Or whether at his fpeed he ftrains,
  Or halts, his failing breath to eafe;
And paft the hill-top row of vines
That like a wreath its brow entwines,
Still on the Monk in filence glides,
And after him Francifco ftrides.

And out upon a plateau green,
  Where lie an abbey's ruins grey,
The friendly cedars try to fcreen
  For love of days long paffed away,
When they as yet but faplings were,
And ftately ftood the abbey there:
The Monk beneath their fhadow glides,
And after him Francifco ftrides.

O'er moffy mound and ivied ftone,
  Paft arch and tower that crumbling fall,
Through court and fquare with weeds o'ergrown—
  The chapel yet has roof and wall,
As if when Time came to efface
He lightly touched the Holy place:
The Monk into the chancel glides,
And after him Francifco ftrides.

All round the filent chapel wall
  As dark as vault or dungeon feems,
Save where through oriel window tall
  The moonlight in a current ftreams:

The Monk ſtands in the ſtream of light,—
No ſhadow on the floor is caſt,
Each beam comes on as ſtraight and white
As if through fainteſt cloud it paſſed :—

Stands liſtening on the moonlit ground
With warning finger raiſed, and ſoon
Comes from the campanile the ſound
Which tells that night has reached its noon :
The lifted hand is motionleſs
At every bell-toll but the laſt,
When ſudden points it to the place
Where faint the outer beams are caſt.

Upon the ſpot Franciſco leaps ;
Glints fire from meeting ſteel and ſtone,
And high around the earth he heaps,
But ſtill the ſpade goes daſhing on.—
He thinks upon his ſiſter fair,
He thinks upon his father dead,
He thinks upon the ſilver hair
That crowns his widowed mother's head.

Yet faſter goes the trenchant ſpade,
Till back againſt his breaſt 'tis ſent
With ſplintered ſhaft and broken blade,
As down upon a rock it went ;
The fragments on the floor are flung,
Down, ſearching, kneels he on the ſtone,
His hands are driven the earth among,
And up the maſſy rock is thrown.

And after it a caſket, bound
  With brazen band and brazen claſp,
That gird and fold it round and round,
  And brazen hinge and lock and haſp:
It falls upon the trench's brink,
  And ſcarcely can Franciſco riſe
When limbs relax and bend and ſink,
  And on the yielding mould he lies.

He looks up to the flickering light
  That ſlanting down the wall is caſt—
Still there the eyes ſo ſtrangely bright,
  And cloak and cowl, though fading faſt.
But ere the light is wholly gone,
  While yet the form, though dim, is there,
He hears in ſweet and ſolemn tone—
  "*Franciſco, Heaven has heard your prayer!*"

The Fairy-Woman.

"When midnight bells ceafe ringing fuddenly,
And the old year is dead."

' *Fairy-Woman* who plays fo earneft a part in the owing ballad, was probably one of the Tylwith ʒ (Fairy Family) of Wales. They lived on a ely ifland in a lake among the mountains of cknock. It was unfeen from the outer margin he lake, and utterly unapproachable, as no boat le by mortal hands could float upon thefe waters: n birds of the air were unable to fly over them. fecret paffage connected it with the mainland, ing under the bottom of the lake and opening . cavern in the mountains, by which the fairies ted the external world, and on occafions conducted rtals to the ifland. This laft, however, they e foon obliged to difcontinue, on account of the idity and rudenefs of their vifitors. One perfon n attempted to drain the lake, thinking by this ins to be able to reach and plunder the ifland; fo far from accomplifhing his purpofe, the waters

rofe higher and higher, and had he not fpeedily relinquifhed his defigns, the whole country would have been inundated.

The defire that the Fairy-Woman manifefted to crofs the Wye, before the expiring of the year, may be accounted for by the fact, that all fairies, on fpecified occafions, were required to prefent themfelves, either at a given place of rendez-vous, or at the court of Fairy-Land, to give an account of their prefent and paft duties, and to receive inftructions for the future. Thus a legend of the Ifle of Man, and the Fairy Faith in this ifland fcarcely differs from that of Wales—

A fairy whofe duty it was to prefent himfelf at the Court of the Fairy King on the night of the harveft-moon, fo far forgot his fpiritual nature that he remained in the glen of Rufhin, making love to a Manks maiden. For this he was condemned to be covered with long fhaggy hair, (hence his name Phynnodderee) and in this form to remain on the Ifle of Man till doomfday. Great had been the crime, great was the punifhment; yet was it not altogether without points of alleviation. He could ftill dwell in the lovely glen where dwelt the mortal maiden for whom he had fo greatly finned, for whom he muft fo greatly fuffer—was ftill left to him the confolation of making green her grave, as only fairies could, ages after the clofe of her brief earthly life.

Old folks ſay, that for many a year he lived in the glen, employing his time in helping the poor and deſerving cottagers, aiding them in the work of farm and dairy, until one whom he had benefited rudely affronted him; when, with a melancholy wail, he departed, and has never been ſeen ſince in Ruſhen. Sô ſay the old folks, but the young ones tell the tale with a difference. Say they — The good Fairy King, commiſerating the condition of poor Phynnodderee, has mitigated his puniſhment, has recalled him to his own land, and reinſtated him among his kindred; and that the melancholy wail with which he departed was cauſed by his quitting the place of the maiden's reſt, for which the proſpect of all the joys and delights of Fairy-Land could not conſole him.

THE FAIRY-WOMAN.

COME, children, gather round the hearth,
  I promifed you a tale to-night:
Of forrow fhall it be or mirth?
  Of Baron bold or Lady bright?
Boys, ftir the log. Or fhall it be
  Of dauntlefs Knight with lance in reft?
Or one where gentle Charity
  Crept neftling to a mifer's breaft?

Come, little Apple-cheeks, choofe you;
  What fhall it be, what fhall I tell?—
"A Fairy tale that's true—all true—"
  Good, Blue-eyes, you have chofen well:
So fhall it be. Dear wife, your feam
  Put down, and liften with the reft.
And clofe the lamp; the ruddy gleam
  Of fire-light for a tale is beft.

The laſt night of the gray Old Year
  Was wearing faſt away,
The New Year ſullenly ſtood near—
  Rude ſire and ſon were they.

The Old Year raved with moan and ſhout,
  And rocked his ſnowy head,
And toſſed his bare, lean arms about,
  While bitter tears he ſhed:

His big tears pattered on my fire,
  And plaſhed againſt my pane—
Ah, thankleſs ſon! Ah, wrathful ſire!
  No love between ye twain.

Aye, I remember well! I ſat
  Before my fire alone—
I ſee the fire as plain as that,
  Though twenty years are gone!

'Twas in a wooden hut upon
  The green banks of the Wye,
With ſedges thatched; and there alone,
  In muſings wrapped, ſat I.

For then I had nor rick nor field,
  Sheep had I not nor cow;
The river was the farm I tilled,
  The ferry-boat my plough.

Thus muſing ſat I. Hark, a tap—
Ere I could reach the door,
Again, another, rap on rap,
Each louder than before.

I raiſed the latch; with boiſterous ſhout
The rude wind paſt me ſwept;
Upon the darkneſs I looked out,
And into it I ſtepped,

And looked around: then I could ſee
Between me and the light—
The black behind and over me
As I ſtood in the night—

A woman, ſhivering in the cold;
Beneath the eaves ſhe ſtood,
Grief-laden, weary, faded, old,
In tattered cloak and hood.

She pointed to the ruſhing Wye,
White flooded by the rain—
Like to a ſteed it galloped by,
The foam upon its mane—

And ſaid, "Good Boatman, take me o'er;
The Old Year dieth faſt,
And I muſt reach the farther ſhore
Before his hour be paſt."

"I may not brave the river's ire,"
  Quoth I, "on ſuch a night;
Come, ſhelter take beſide my fire,
  And wait till morning light."

And ſhe, with ſharp and eager cry—
  "Now, now! Take double fare:
Haſte, ere the moments paſs that lie
  Between me and deſpair!"

"No, not for fare a hundred fold
  Go I till morning light;
I will not tempted be for gold
  To lift an oar to-night."

Said ſhe, ſad-voiced, as one might ſpeak
  Whoſe lateſt hope was gone,
And who had nothing more to ſeek
  On earth—"Gold have I none,

"A ſilver coin, one ſingle coin,
  Have I, and nothing more,
In this ſmall purſe, and both were thine
  To row me to yon ſhore."

Quoth I, much moved, "The ſtream is ſtrong,
  The guſty wind is high,
And ſweeps the blinding rain along,—
  'T were riſk of life to try."

Cried ſhe with vehemence, " Life! life!
Doſt hold it then ſo dear?
Wouldſt guard thy little ſpan of ſtrife
At ſuch a price as Fear?

" And what riſk I? Look here! Look, look!"
She ſcreamed in accents wild,
And from her breaſt an infant took—
" A mother riſks her child!

" Wilt take me o'er?" No word I ſpoke,
I led her to the boat;
The flaſhing oars bent to my ſtroke
As wave on wave I ſmote:

We reached the bank, the boat ſwung round,
I ſet her on the land;
And turning to my oar, I found
Her purſe beſide my hand!

" That I deprived you of your mite
Shall ne'er be ſaid of me:
I riſk not life for hire to-night,
But all for Charity."

Into her lap the purſe I flung—
A ſtrong puſh from the ſhore—
The village bell loud clanging rung;
The Old Year was no more!

Mid-channel I had gained—What lies
  Beſide me on the ſeat?
The purſe! May I believe my eyes?
  I half roſe to my feet.

Thought I, I ſaw it reach her lap:
  'Bout ſhip! (my oars I ply)
I ſhall return it, be my hap
  To ſleep beneath the Wye!

Between the river and the ſky
  The open common lay,
And there her form I could deſcry—
  She journeyed on her way.

I reached her ſide. "A boon to me,
  Take back your purſe and mite;
I work for kindly Charity,
  And not for hire to-night."

She held her hand—it ſhone like ſnow
  At ſunriſe, roſy-white!
Then hand and purſe ſhe drew below
  Her cloak, out of my ſight:

But I thought as I ſtood, that her cloak and hood
  As the mountain-aſh were green;
And among their folds, like marigolds,
  The links of her hair lay ſheen:

And her eyes were bright as is the light
  Of the glow-worm in the graſs;
And her breath came ſweet as the airs that greet
  The wild thyme where they paſs.

I reach my boat—I graſp my oar—
  Aſlant up ſtream I ſteer—
Give way, with will! Give way! The ſhore
  At every ſtroke I near:

I ſhipped my oars—roſe to my feet—
  Prepared to leap to land—
When lo! again upon the ſeat
  The purſe, beſide my hand!

Then, dear ones all, then did I know
  That ſhe, who in her need
Had urged me with ſuch words of woe,
  A Fairy was indeed!

But what her grief, or what her fear,
  Or why ſhe needs muſt go
Acroſs the Wye, ere died the year,
  Nought did I ever know.

But from that time I've gathered wealth,
  Scarce knowing whence it came;
And, rareſt boon on earth, ſweet health
  Have all who bear my name.

And nightly in the purſe there lies
  A coin — the double fare —
A little ſilver coin it is —
  Aye, Blue-eyes, you may ſtare,

But it is true, all true, I have
  Them in this hand of mine:
Behold the purſe the Fairy gave,
  And this night's ſilver coin!

The Fairy Boy.

"Dwells in all heaven charitee ſo deare."

The Fairy Boy of the following ballad may be viewed as a type of the Fairies or Good-Neighbours of Caledonia. No where did they hold ſuch frequent and familiar intercourſe with mankind as in the "North Countrie." There, borrowing and lending were of daily occurrence. Many a weary ploughman has found at the end of his furrow a clean white napkin ſpread on the ſward, on which were a cup of milk, and a loaf "that taſted like wheaten bread mixed with wine and honey." Often, too, did they come to borrow, or beg, ſome article of domeſtic uſe; but, it was ſometimes thought, rather to teſt the diſpoſitions of the individuals to whom the requeſt was made, than from any real want experienced by the applicant.

"A young woman was one day ſifting meal, warm from the mill, when a nicely dreſſed, beautiful little woman came to her with a bowl of antique form, and requeſted the loan of as much meal as would fill it. Her requeſt was complied with, and in a week ſhe returned to make repayment. She ſet down the bowl

and breathed over it, ſaying, 'Be never toom' (empty). The woman lived to a great age, but never ſaw the bottom of the bowl."

The fairies of Scotland were very beautiful—

"Their ringlets of yellow hair floated over their ſhoulders, and were bound over their brows with combs of the pureſt gold. Their dreſs conſiſted chiefly of a mantle of green ſilk, inlaid with eider-down, and bound round the waiſt with a garland of wild flowers. Over their ſhoulders hung quivers of the adder's ſkin, ſtored with arrows dipped in flame. A golden bow hung negligently over the left arm, and little ſcimitars of the ſame metal glittered at their ſides."

But it muſt be remembered that they alſo had the power of aſſuming any form they pleaſed, and of paſſing through the air and over the deep as eaſily as over the land.

The anceſtors of the preſent proprietors of Colzean Caſtle were familiarly called the *Lairds* of *Co*, from the Cos or Coves (caves) ſix in number, in the rock on which the Caſtle is built—a huge baſaltic cliff overhanging the ſea on the Ayrſhire coaſt.

The legend of the "Fairy Boy and the Laird of Co," is well known in the Scottiſh Lowlands.

THE FAIRY BOY.

PART I.

THE Laird of Co has left his hall,
And ſtands alone on the caſtle wall, —
His caſtle that hangs o'er the ocean-waves,
And reſts on the roofs of the Fairy-caves.
Oh, ſad and penſive there he ſtands,
Though his eye ſees nought but his own broad lands,
Or far or near where his glance may go —
And keen is the glance of the Laird of Co!

"A fond farewell, ye ſcenes ſo dear,
A long, a laſt farewell, I fear,
For a boding voice ſeems whiſpering me,
'You never more theſe ſcenes ſhall ſee.'
But a tyrant's foot muſt now be ſtayed,
And my King has aſked my ſword in aid;
So fare ye well, 'tide weal or woe,
'Tide life or death, to the Laird of Co!"

Now refts his eye on the pennon gay
Of a bark that rides in the open bay,
And fpreads before the frefhening gale
The fwelling breaft of her fnowy fail;
While youthful fquire and ftalwart knight,
With helm and corflet glancing bright,
Along her decks impatient go—
"You tarry long, oh Laird of Co!"

"That comrades brave for me fhould wait!"
He quickly gains the caftle-gate,
But there a boy before him ftands,
A tiny cup in his tiny hands.
"My mother dear is weak and old,
Our home is dark, her couch is cold;
One cup of wine on her beftow
For charity, oh Laird of Co!"

"Has never yet with will of mine
Unheeded been fuch prayer as thine.
Ho! Steward, take the boy with thee
And fill his cup for charity.
For charity? Poor child, I pray
When from fuch tale I turn away,
I dwell in home as dark and low
As thine, that now am Laird of Co."

With rapid ftep he bends his way
To where the bark rides in the bay,
Her decks with arms and armour piled,
When comes the Steward, ftaring wild.

"That urchin ſtrange—his elf-made cup
A butt of wine hath ſwallowed up!
Yet not a drop doth in it ſhow—
Some fiend he is, oh Laird of Co!"

"Or fiend or fairy, ſprite or child,
Good Steward, let his cup be filled,
If wine enough of mine there be,
For well you know my word hath he:
Aye, every drop into it pour,
Till drained be every vault and ſtore;
Pour till his beaker overflow—
Broke never his word a Laird of Co."

Now back again the Steward hies,
And views the cup with wondering eyes,
While trembles every joint and limb—
One drop has filled it to the brim!
The boy departing ſoftly ſaid,
"When he on clay-cold couch is laid,
In home like mine, as dark and low,
I will repay the Laird of Co."

PART II.

Oh, many a fummer fun has fhone,
And many a winter blaft has blown,
Since failed to foreign wars away
The bark that rode in the open bay!
And they who were but children then
Are women grown and bearded men,
And the old are gone where all muft go —
But comes not home the Laird of Co.

In cell where funlight never falls,
And the damp runs down the blackened walls,
And flowly, darkly tracks its way
'Mong rotting ftraw on the floor of clay,
And rufts the fetters ftrongly bound
Around the captive on the ground,
So wan from fuffering and woe —
Is this the comely Laird of Co!

" A foldier's death and foldier's grave,
On battle-field with comrades brave,
With lightfome heart I freely dared,
Nor of them thought, nor for them cared;
But thus, like felon vile, to lie
In hopelefs, blank captivity,
In dungeon dark and damp and low —
And I was once the Laird of Co!"

What light, what light, like noon-tide clear,
Illumes the dungeon dark and drear?
What hand the door flings open wide,
As bar and lock-bolts backward glide?
A child beſide the captive ſtands,
His boſom croſſed with folded hands,
"I come to pay the debt I owe.
Ariſe, ariſe, poor Laird of Co!

"Ariſe, for thou art free again—"
His hand but touched the captive's chain,
And link and loop and lock and all,
Like froſt-nipped leaves in Autumn fall:
And ſtrong and ſtalwart under him
Becomes each ſhrunken, waſted limb,
And he ſteps as ſtepped he long ago,
When he went to the wars, the Laird of Co!

They mount the ſteep and winding ſtair,
Where duſt makes thick the ſcanty air;
And through the gates that open ſtand
They paſs unchallenged, hand in hand.
The boy's bright eyes are fixed on high—
His right hand pointed to the ſky—
His foot he ſtrikes on the earth below—
"Now mount with me, oh Laird of Co!"

Then up, up, up, to the ſtarry ſky!
They cleave the air that ruſhes by;
And on and on, o'er wood and lea,
O'er lake and river, ſhore and ſea:

While hamlets ſmall and cities vaſt,
With blended lights, go glancing paſt,
And fade away in the gloom below—
Where journeys he, the Laird of Co?

On earth again, and hand in hand
Before a caſtle's gate they ſtand—
A caſtle that hangs o'er the ocean-waves,
And reſts on the roofs of the Fairy-caves.
"Farewell, I thus the wine repay
You gave for bleſſëd charity,
And your word held ſacred long ago.
Farewell, farewell, good Laird of Co!"

FAIRIES

OF THE

HILLS AND CAVES.

The Brown Dwarf.

"Gold, gold, gold, gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold."

The Brown Dwarfs occupied ſeven of the "Nine hills" on the weſt point of Rügen. The White Dwarfs occupied the other two; and the Black—for there were three deſcriptions of Dwarfs on the iſland, named from the colour of their garments—dwelt in the coaſt-hills, and the caves along the ſea-ſhore.

Tradition thus accounts for the formation of the "Nine hills:"—

"A long, long time ago there lived in Rügen a mighty Giant, named Balderich. He was vexed that the country was an iſland, and that he had always to wade through the ſea when he wanted to go to Pomerania and the mainland. He accordingly got an apron made, and he tied it round his waiſt, and filled it with earth, for he wanted to make a dam of earth for himſelf, from the iſland to the mainland. As he was going with his load over Rodenkirchen, a hole tore in the apron, and the clay that fell out formed the 'Nine hills.'"

The Brown Dwarfs were beautiful little creatures, and good as beautiful. Many a poor widow has ſeen through her tears a ſhining gold ducat lying in

her path; many a child that had loſt its way in the woods has been guided through the darkneſs of night to its father's door; and although it had ſeen no creature, had ever heard in the ruſtling foreſt leaves little footſteps leading the way: many a hungry orphan that had wearily fallen aſleep by the wayſide, has found, on awaking, bread in its lap and a ſilver coin in its hand: and theſe were the doings of the little Brown Dwarfs.

But although much of their time was thus given to acts of "Charity and Mercy" they had their own innocent merry-makings; and the chief of theſe was to come forth in the bright moonlight to dance in the meadows, dreſſed in their gayeſt attire—cap, jacket and pantaloons of fine brown velvet, with buttons of froſted ſilver, and ſlippers of colourleſs cryſtal. On theſe occaſions it behoved them to be very careful not to loſe any article of their dreſs, for they could never replace it. If they loſt a ſlipper, they had to go barefoot until it was found; if the bell from their cap, they could not cloſe their eyes in ſleep until it was recovered; and if the cap itſelf, they with it loſt their power of inviſibility. Hence their intenſe anxiety to recover any of theſe articles when loſt, and the reaſon for their acceding to almoſt any demand to redeem it.

The legend of "John Wilde and The Brown Dwarf" is well known, and variouſly related, in Rügen.

THE BROWN DWARF.

THE ſun, with his round face all a-glow,
Looks over the hill on the fields below;
And the lark that reſts in the furrow ſtill,
When he ſees the ſun peep over the hill,
Springs ſkyward, ſinging his matin ſhrill
Over the fields of John Wilde.

John Wilde is a farmer in Rügen's iſle,
Not the ſun himſelf has ſo cheery a ſmile,
Or a face ſo ruddy and bright and round;
Not the lark's clear ſong has ſo blithe a ſound,
As he ſkyward mounts with bound on bound,
As the ſong of John Wilde.

'Tis a brave old Runic rhyme he ſings,
As his team ſo ſleek to the plough he brings;—
Juſt a gentle ſhake of the long looſe rein,
And the willing beaſts on the plough-gear ſtrain,
And the coulter ſhears the ſod in twain;—
Cheerily goes John Wilde.

Tink, tink, tinkle, tink. The lark is mute,
The horſes ſtay the uplifted foot,
And the blitheſome ſong John ſings ſo well
Is huſhed as if by a fairy ſpell,
At the tinkling faint of a tiny bell
At the feet of John Wilde.

He lifts a cap, like the coſy houſe
Of a provident, home-loving, bachelor mouſe;
A little round cap made of velvet brown,
All quilted with ſatin and padded with down,
And for taſſel a ſilver bell on the crown—
"What a cap!" cries John Wilde.

"'T will fit my own little one fine," he ſaid;
"God bleſs every curl on that darling head!
Some child has loſt it when here at play—
What troops there were when we carried the hay!
I'll warrant it wept for it bitterly:
Poor wee thing!" ſays John Wilde.

"They footed it here till the ſun was ſet—
Aye, there are the marks of their footſteps yet:
The dancing all in a ring has been—
Not a drop of dew on the graſs to be ſeen—
'T is a ring where the Dwarfs have danced, I ween—
The Brown Dwarfs!" ſays John Wilde.

Then on he goes to the end of the field;
The horſes round on the furrow are wheeled;

Lo! back at the ſpot where the cap he found
A child-like form is ſearching around,
Over ridge and furrow and fallow ground —
"A Brown Dwarf!" ſays John Wilde.

A twitch at the cap as the plough ſhears paſt —
Tink, tink, tinkle, tink, and the plough ſtands faſt!
A laugh and a ſhake of the long looſe rein,
And the willing beaſts on the plough-gear ſtrain,
And on they go ſhearing the ſod again —
"Ho! ho! ho! —" laughs John Wilde.

Again at the end of the field he wheels;
The Dwarf is following cloſe at his heels,
His eyes bent mournfully down on the graſs —
So blue they are! and as bright as glaſs —
"I have loſt my little brown cap, alas!
Have you ſeen it, John Wilde?"

His tight-fitting jacket is velvet brown,
With ſilver buttons the breaſt adown,
And a row round his waiſt ſo ſlender and neat;
His trim pantaloons, gathered plait on plait,
In folds outfall o'er his tiny feet —
"Have you ſeen it, John Wilde?"

In ſlippers of cryſtal his feet are placed,
With ribbons of ſcarlet croſſ-wiſe laced:
John Wilde looks down at the little bare head,
With its flood of curls on the ſhoulders ſpread —

"'T is juſt like the darling's I left in bed—
Here it is!" cries John Wilde.

Then the cap at once from his breaſt he takes,
And a ſmile like light o'er the Dwarf's face breaks;
But a ſad cloud follows, for back in his breaſt
John buttons it under his ample veſt—
"Without it I neither can ſleep nor reſt,
Oh give it me, John Wilde!"

"Yes, yes—but—juſt a furrow or two
I'll turn—and—then—I'll its price tell you:"
A haſty jerk of the long looſe rein,
And the ſtartled beaſts on the plough-gear ſtrain,
And on they go ſhearing the ſod again;—
Thoughtfully goes John Wilde.

The ſun's hot rays, now fierce and red,
Come ſtreaming down on the little bare head;
With his hand he tries his head to ſhield,
For ſhade there is none in that open field—
John Wilde, is your heart againſt pity ſteeled?
"Oh have pity, John Wilde!"

Thoughtfully, moodily, ſilently,
Through the long, long hours of the ſummer day
John holds to the plough, and at twilight's cloſe
He haſtily ſays as he homeward goes—
"To-morrow at dawn I'll the price propoſe."
"Oh, have pity, John Wilde!"

The firft faint ray at the chill dawn fhed
Was caught in the curls of the little bare head,
And the noon's white glare it fhelterlefs met;
John comes not down till the fun is fet —
"I have not fixed on the price of it yet;
One day more," fays John Wilde.

Next morn denfe vapours obfcure the plain
That end in a drizzling, ceafelefs rain,
Rain, rain, ever rain, all the day, all the day,
But the little Brown Dwarf in the field muft ftay;
John Wilde comes not till the twilight grey —
"Yet one day," fays John Wilde.

Another day, and it lingers on,
Another hour, and the day will be done;
Through the weary time the little bare head
Has down in the rain-fodden furrow been laid;
It is lifted now at a loud quick tread —
"Oh, have pity, John Wilde!"

"Three days have I loft. Three days! I have tilled
In three fummer days the whole of this field,
Now my horfes ftand idle in ftall, I vow,
And there lies rufting my beft new plough!
Why every furrow were worth to me now
A ducat," cries John Wilde.

"My cap, my cap, and a ducat I'll lay
In each furrow you turn till your dying day!"

"A ducat in every furrow!" cries John.
"My cap, and a ducat in every one."
"A bargain—a bargain! Your hand. Done! done!
Take the cap!" cries John Wilde.

With a cry of joy as ſharp as of pain,
He leaps at and ſeizes his cap again;
Beneath it his eyes like diamonds gleam—
Tink, tink, tinkle, tink. He is gone like a dream!
John Wilde daſhes homeward to fetch his team—
It is ſunſet, John Wilde!

With a beating heart a furrow he tries—
A bright gold ducat before him lies!
A ſhout and a jerk and laſh of the rein,
And the ſmarting beaſts on the plough-gear ſtrain,
And on they go ſhearing the ſod in twain—
"Rare harveſt!" cries John Wilde.

He ploughs till the ſun has ſunk to reſt,
And while lingers a line of light in the Weſt;
And at dawn again in the field does he ſtand,
Clutching the rein with a feveriſh hand—
"I will plough up every ſod of my land—
Every ſod!" cries John Wilde.

So from dawn till dark, and from day to day,
Till ſummer and autumn have paſſed away,
Through heat and through cold, through drought
and through rain,

At the plough, at the plough does he drive and ſtrain,
Till each meadow is furrowed and furrowed again
And again, by John Wilde.

Like ſtone now winter has frozen the ſoil,
Yet John at the plough is ſeen to toil,
Though he ſcarcely the reins in his hands can hold,
Though his coffers are heaped with ducats untold;
For ſtrong as deſpair grows his thirſt for gold —
"Gold, more gold!" cries John Wilde.

His face is haggard, his looks are wild,
And frighten his ſorrowing wife and child;
And as ever and ever the plough goes on,
And never a ſeed is in furrow ſown,
The neighbours ſay, "Ah, his wits are gone!
He is crazed! Poor John Wilde!"

The wind ſweeps over the open vale,
And the ſnow-flakes ſtrike like ſharpeſt hail;
The jaded beaſts hang low the head
As they home return, undriven, unled:
John Wilde in a furrow lies ſtiff and dead —
Stiff and dead lies John Wilde.

The White Dwarf.

" Soe hardie and ſoe gentil."

The White Dwarfs dwelt in the other two of the " Nine hills" of Rügen. During the ſtern northern winter they remained ſhut up in their hills, faſhioning weapons and ornaments of the moſt exquiſite form and workmanſhip, in ſteel, ſilver, and gold; but on the return of ſpring, and throughout the ſummer and autumn, they lived in woods and groves, and in ſecluded places by the margins of lakes and running waters, going forth into the open country only by night. When they went forth by day, it was always ſingly, and in an aſſumed form—that of butterfly, dove, or ſinging-bird.

In theſe excurſions they carefully ſearched for thoſe perſons who, unmeritedly, were ſuffering want or diſtreſs, and exerted themſelves in alleviating their condition. And in thoſe ruthleſs times of piratical expeditions and depredations, there was no lack of employment for the good little Dwarfs; for no one whoſe dwelling was near the ſhore was ſafe from

robbery, captivity, or death. In the twelfth century, the iſle of Rügen was not only entirely in the poſſeſſion of the lawleſs ſea-rovers of the Baltic, but it had been by them ſo ſtrongly fortified, that Waldemar the Great of Denmark, with the whole military reſources of his kingdom, and aided by the forces of Henry the Lion of Saxony, failed in ſubduing it until after the ſixth or ſeventh expedition. Nay, the ſea-rovers did not confine their depredations to the ſhores of the Baltic and Northern ſeas; on one occaſion, led by a daring chief, with a fleet of 100 ſail, they penetrated the Mediterranean; and after ravaging the coaſt of Spain and Africa, and the Balearic Iſles, they appeared before the ancient Etruſcan city of Luna, which they plundered and deſtroyed.

THE WHITE DWARF.

Sir Otto lies in dungeon cold,
  Heavy his heart the while,
In the dungeon cold of a pirate hold
  On Rügen's lonely iſle:
'Neath the cloud of night came the rover band,
And burſt o'er the Pomeranian ſtrand;
By ſea and by land, with ſword and with flame,—
Sudden and terrible they came.

Now happy they in death that lie
  Upon their threſhold ſtone,
The captive's ſigh and ſtifled cry
  And hopeleſs woe, unknown.
By the grating clouded and thick with duſt,
And its maſſy bars all red with ruſt,
Sir Otto ſtands, and with wiſtful eye
Looks out on the ſunlit ſea and ſky.

Over the ſea, out in the light,
  Up in the breezy air,
Winging its flight on pinion bright,
  Fluttering, hovering there,

Then ſwooping, ſwooping down on the main,
And ſkimming its ſhining face again,
Now ſhimmering below, now glancing above,
Nearing the iſle comes a ſnow-white dove.

"Bright bird, bright bird, to me doſt bring,
Over the waters drear,'
On thy bleſſed wing, the comforting
That liberty is near?
As of old, bright bird, doſt thou bear green leaf
In token of ſuccour to 'ſuage my grief?
Oh, when on the land ſhall my footſtep be?
Bringeſt thou hope, ſweet bird, to me?"

Over the ſea, over the ſea,
Nearing the pirate hold—
"Of liberty bringeſt hope to me,
As of old, bright bird, as of old?"
On, on to the barren verge of the iſle,
And under the ſhade of the gloomy pile
That falls like a frown on its plumage white—
Then vaniſhing from Sir Otto's ſight.

"Return, return, and with me reſt—"
The bird of Hope is gone;
The heaving breaſt of the knight is preſſed
Againſt the grating ſtone,
And his head is bowed and his eye downcaſt—
But ſudden he ſtarts—What ſhadow paſſed?
What downy wing bruſhed over his hair,
As bowed with ſorrow the knight ſtood there?

He looks, he liſtens; of ſight or ſound
Nought can he ſee or hear;
Of ſight or ſound the dungeon round
There's nought to eye or ear;
Nought but a cup and a cruſt on the floor,
Near the dark and mouldy priſon door.—
"I am weak with faſting, and ſore a-thirſt;
The water, the bleſſed water firſt."

He lifts the cup with eager hands—
"I have not drunk to-day."
With outſtretched hands he ſhuddering ſtands
And turns his eyes away,
For a loathly toad in the water lies,
Watching the knight with its gliſtening eyes,
With its ſwollen ſides and unſhapely back,
Spotted and mottled with yellow and black.

A moment, and with gentle ſmile
He turns the thing to ſee—
"'Tis without guile thou doſt defile
The water ſet for me;
And it leſſens this burning thirſt of mine
To ſee thee ſo happily ſlaking thine;
Nay, look not with timid eye on me,—
I would not hurt thee for liberty."

Again the cup ſtands by the door,
The good knight turns to go,
He paces o'er the priſon floor,
Feeble his ſtep and ſlow—

"Now my hunger and thirſt alike are gone!
But my limbs are weary and cold as ſtone;
One look, one look at the ſunlit ſky,
Then down on my pallet of ſtraw I'll lie."

The ſtraw is ſcanty, damp, and old,
Into the earth-floor preſſed;
The knight is cold, weary and cold,
And there alone may reſt;
But he backward ſtarts, for up from the bed
An adder erects its creſted head,
With venomed fang and with flaming eye,
Hiſſing and glaring wrathfully.

"I am a-weary," quoth the knight,
"And grave-cold is the ground;
And," quoth the knight, "ſince morning light
I've paced this dungeon round,
And fain on that ſtraw my limbs would fling,
But I ſeek not ſtrife with living thing,
So while on the grave-cold ground I ſleep,
Thy place on the ſtraw, poor reptile, keep.

"I'll reſt where I may ſee the ſky—
Seems that I ſtronger grow!—
May ſee the ſky while that I lie
Upon the earth below;
Through the grate ſee the ſunlit ſky above—"
Lo, the dove, the beautiful ſnow-white dove,
Within the bars, on the window-ſill,
Sits pruning its plumage with careful bill!

"Beautiful bird, haſt heard my prayer,
And come to dwell with me?
Haſt heard my prayer and come to ſhare
My lone captivity?
Leſs drearily now will paſs away
The long, long night, and the longer day,
And pleaſant my bitter cruſt will be
When ſhared, companion ſweet, by thee!

"And thou the green and waving trees,
Companion, wilt forego;
The waving trees that in the breeze
Do rock thee to and fro;
The breeze that ſings through thy quivering wings,
The buds and bloſſoms and all bright things,
Thy neſt in the pines, and thine own dear mate
That ſhall watching for thee in the gloaming wait.

"Haſte, haſte thee to thy woods again,
And leave me here alone!
I would not gain by other's pain
A ſolace for mine own:
By thy downy ſide let me fold thy wings,
For the duſt to the ruſty grating clings,
And I'd grieve to ſee thee with ſpeck or ſtain—
Haſte to thy home in the woods again!"

Over the ſea, out in the light,
Up in the breezy air,
Winging its flight on pinion bright,
Pauſing never there;

As it paused, and hovered, and swooped erewhile,
When nearing the barren verge of the isle,
But straight and steady it wings its flight,
Till lost to the eye of the captive knight.

'T is lost to the eye, but yet he stands;
Remains of it no trace;
Yet there he stands with claspëd hands
Eyeing its parting place:
Lo, the snowy wing of the dove again,
Fast isle-ward speeding across the main!
The wing of a dove or a shallop-sail
Outspread to the summer evening gale?

A sail, a sail! and right and left
The parted waves are cast,
To right and left the waters cleft
In lines of foam are past;
On, on to the verge of the barren strand,
And up on the beach of shingle and sand,
Then rustling down through the freshening gale
Come the rippling folds of the snowy sail.

A child-like form leaps to the land,
Snow-white the garb he wears,
And in his hand a gleaming brand
With jewelled hilt he bears;
O'er the massy iron bars 't is drawn,
Rapid and light as a ray at dawn,
And they severed lie on the dungeon floor
Like rushes the reaper's blade before.

"No more ſhalt thou in dungeon weep,
Sir Otto, thou art free;
Come forth and ſweep the briny deep
That parts thy home and thee.

"Sir Knight, receive this Elf-made brand,
Before whoſe trenchant blade
Can nothing ſtand that human hand
And human ſkill have made:

"Sir Knight, that didſt but gently ſmile,
Or ſhuddering turn away
From reptile vile that did defile
Thy cup wherein it lay:

"Sir Knight, that didſt in pity ſpare
The venomed adder's life,
'T is thou may'ſt dare this brand to bear
And wield in knightly ſtrife.

"Sir Knight, that didſt ſet free again
The dove from priſon lone,
That wouldſt not gain by other's pain
A ſolace for thine own:

"Sir Knight, that wouldſt not captive keep,
No more ſhalt captive be;
Come forth and ſweep the briny deep —
Come, gentle Knight, with me."

Over the ſea, over the ſea,
  Before the freſhening gale,
Over the ſea like wild-bird free
  Now ſpeeds the ſnowy ſail;
Away, till the Pomeranian ſhore
Ariſes the ſhallop's prow before,
And far behind lies the gloomy pile
On the verge of Rügen's lonely iſle.

The Black Dwarfs.

"The very wind
For the wrecker."

The Black Dwarfs inhabited the coaſt-hills and caves along the ſhore—it was ſaid, for the purpoſe of plundering the veſſels wrecked on the inhoſpitable iſland of Rügen. Many a wrecker declared that the Black Dwarfs had always the beſt ſhare of the prize; for that they had underground communication from the beach to the breakers, through which they paſſed, and intercepted the moſt valuable parts of the cargo; and they farther affirmed that in the pauſes of the ſtorm they had heard the mocking laughter of the Dwarfs, when the wreckers came too late to the ſcene, or were otherwiſe diſappointed in the looked-for plunder: it has been ſuggeſted, that this ſeeming rivalry in their barbarous calling, and mockery at their want of ſucceſs, was meant by the Dwarfs to deter them from its purſuit — that they voluntarily took the blame of participating in it, in order to move the pity

of the wreckers for the poor mariners, who had thus not only to contend with the winds and the waves, but with thefe fupermortal enemies on the fhore. If fuch were their object, they had a difficult tafk to perform, and long had they to wait for its accomplifhment; for the inhabitants of the Baltic fea-borde clung to the practice of wrecking as tenacioufly as their forefathers had clung to piracy. Indeed, one of the beft of the Kings of Sweden—Chriftian II.—loft his crown mainly by his efforts to put a ftop to this inhuman occupation. Even the higheft dignitaries of the Chriftian church ftruggled to juftify and continue it. The Bifhops of Vorglum and Viborg and the Archbifhop of Lunden openly exclaimed againft the law which abolifhed the right of plundering fhipwrecked mariners. "All three," fays a contemporary writer, "were accuftomed to fend out their men to the coafts, to feize on all the property which the tempeft threw on the fhore, and to kill without pity any of the crew that ventured to refift fpoliation."

Although the Black Dwarfs had for their habitation the coaft-hills and caves, the favourite place for their feafts and caroufings was under the fpreading branches of the Elder-tree, the ftrong perfume of its large moon-like flowers being very grateful to them. An unexplained connection of a myfterious nature exifted between this tree and Elf-land—known only to perfons who had fojourned there for a feafon.

THE BLACK DWARFS.

—♦—

PART I.

"The wind is up! I can hear his ſhout
Yet ſhriller, fiercer grow;
No ſtar from the murky ſky looks out;
The ſea is white as ſnow.
What a night for a wreck! Up, Mina, wiſe,
And fetch me my hatchet, my hook and knife!
'T is hard if this ſea and ſky and wind
Do not a ſhip for the breakers find."

"Oh Ludwig, huſband, again to be—
To be as we have been!
My Ludwig, ſo happy a pair as we
Was not in Rügen ſeen.
Oh, my joy to ſee your returning ſail!
And to hear your laugh and cheery hail,
When your nets were caſt and your lines were laid,
Ere you followed the wrecker's dreadful trade!"

"'Tis a trade that a man may thrive in, wife.
Hark to the roaring ſea!
My gear, my gear! Hook, hatchet, and knife!—
Rare muſic it is to me!
Boom! boom! comes the ſound of the diſtant ſwell—
I warrant 'tis ringing ſome veſſel's knell:
Wife, wife, this ſea on the ſhore will fling
More wealth than a ſeaſon's fiſhing would bring."

"A moment ſtay while the torch I light
To ſhow upon the ſtrand—
A beacon to catch the ſwimmer's ſight,
And guide him to the land.
Then let me this night in your labours ſhare,
And I by your ſide the torch will bear.
Stay, Ludwig, the torch! Do you hear me call?
The torch!—For His ſake who died for all!"

But Ludwig along the ſounding beach
Is ſtriding on his way,
Juſt out of the ruſhing water's reach,
Through ſhowers of flying ſpray:
For the waves come twiſting and writhing in,
Uprearing their creſts with a hiſſing din,
And twining like ſnakes up the ſhelving ſtrand,
Then dying in foamy coils on the ſand.

And now the cliffs that landward kept
By the water's margin go,
And the wind the open beach that ſwept
Wails fitfully and low.

From the water's margin, gloomy and tall
The cliffs aſcend like a fortreſs wall;
And like fortreſs gate lies the narrow way
Through the flanking crags to a ſheltered bay.

'Twas there, where the blackened ruins ſtand
On the ſteep crags overhead,
In the fierce old times a rover band
Their daring ſtronghold made:
In the bay their barks they could ſafely moor,
From the winds and their foes alike ſecure;
For narrow and perilous is the way
That leads through the ſurf to the rovers' bay.

And Ludwig knows that from left and right
The whirling eddies ſweep,
And all in the gorge of the bay unite
In circles dark and deep;
So there with his wrecking hook in his hand,
Cloſe watching the current, he takes his ſtand;
While out through the clouds breaks the ſtruggling moon,
And the ſtars will come forth from their hiding ſoon.

From fartheſt ſea to neareſt cliff
Nothing but ſpray and foam—
Billow and breaker in deadly ſtrife
Wherever his eye may roam;
And the beach—Ha! up on the ſhingly beach,
Hauled out of the whirling water's reach,
Are piles of boxes, and caſks and bales,
With coils of cordage, and planks and ſails.

A muttered oath. "Too late am I here!
Fool! fool! my old luck ſtill."
When, harſh and diſſonant, on his ear
Falls laughter loud and ſhrill;
And a voice, that ſounds like a haſty flame
Conſuming green twigs, pronounces his name;
While faces grim from the ruins peer out
And greet him with laughter, ſhout on ſhout.

"They laugh that win—'tis a ſaying old—
And ye have won the game;
But I'll ſee who hide in the pirate hold,
And mock me by my name."
His hatchet and hook on the ground he flings,
And up the ſteep face of the cliff he ſwings;
From crag to crevice he daringly creeps,
And over the wall on the ſummit leaps.

In an open court or rooſleſs room—
Stand yet the blackened walls,
On which the moonlight through the gloom
In flakey patches falls—
In this court or room, from the ſeaward ſide,
An Elder-tree ſpreads its branches wide,
With cloſe thick foliage, darkly green,
And bunches of cold white flowers between.

And under the ſhade of the Elder-tree,
With faces quaint and old,
And dark as the Elder-berries be
When Autumn winds blow cold,
Sit ſcores of Dwarfs on the dewy ground,
All ranged in a circle the ſtem around,

While their glittering eyes to the Wrecker turn—
Fierce eyes that with malice and hatred burn.

And one with a flagon haſtens up,
The red wine at its brim;
And Ludwig takes the maſſy cup,
Emboſſed from ſtem to rim;
Shall he drink, or pour it out at his feet?
How ſtrong its aroma!—heavy and ſweet.
He taſtes—he drinks without ſtint or doubt,
And is greeted with laughter, ſhout on ſhout.

It floods as with light his throbbing brain,
Around his heart it glows,
And out to the end of each pulſing vein
Like liquid fire it flows.
He has taken his ſeat on the dewy ground,
He ſhares in the flagon that paſſes round,
He welcomes the ſong as each verſe rings out
With chorus of laughter, ſhout on ſhout.

SONG.

When down from the Norland dark and cold
Comes the wind, the fierce north wind,
Leaving its ſnowy lair behind,
And leaps, like a wolf on a ſleeping fold,
On the Baltic ſea—
Chorus. Ha, ha! we laugh
And the red wine quaff
Under the Elder tree!

When on to the ſhore the ſhip is driven
  By the wind o'er the maddened ſea,
  On the breakers ſhivered to be,
And timber by timber aſunder riven,
    On the Baltic ſea—
  Chorus. Ha, ha! we laugh
      And the red wine quaff
    Under the Elder-tree!

When her drowning crew deſpairing cling
  To the long ſea-weed on the ſhore,
  Then ſink, to be ſeen no more
Till the ſea them up on the beach ſhall fling,
    The Baltic ſea—
  Chorus. Ha, ha! we laugh
      And the red wine quaff
    Under the Elder-tree!

But all her treaſures we ſave from the waves,
  And caſks of the red red wine
  We drag from the ſeething brine,
And ſtore them ſafe in the ſecret caves
    By the Baltic ſea—
  Chorus. Ha, ha! we laugh
      And the red wine quaff
    Under the Elder-tree!

PART II.

Old Mabel ſits at her cottage door
Adown the foreſt-way—
The dark green ivy has clambered o'er
Its thatch and walls of clay,
Till it looks a part of the beeches green,
As it nestles beneath their leafy ſcreen—
Wiſtfully watching the cloſing day
She ſits at her door down the foreſt-way.

'Tis ſaid of parents both ſhe was 'reft
In helpleſs infancy;
Not one of her kin or name was left,
Nor friend in the world had ſhe;
That the Elf-folk came, and with gentle hand
They bore her away to their own green land,
Where the ſun never ſets, the flowers never fade,
Where three times ſeven long years ſhe ſtayed.

One ſummer eve, by her cottage green
Beſide the beechen wood,
Sedately ſpinning was Mabel ſeen
In comely womanhood.
Ah! you little would think thoſe locks of ſnow—
For all this was many a year ago—
That thoſe locks of ſnow which you look on now
Lay yellow as amber on Mabel's brow.

She ſits and watches the cloſing day—
“ Grief never enters there ”—
Do Mabel's thoughts to the Elf-land ſtray
Where never is pain or care ?
On her ſhoulder is laid a trembling hand—
Were Mabel's thoughts in the green Elf-land ?
Fall the beeches' ſhadows ſo deep to-night ?
Or was Mina's ſtep 'mong the leaves ſo light ?

“ A tale of ſorrow you have to tell,
Of ſorrow and of ſhame ;
Poor Mina, I know it all full well,
And why to me you came :
Aye, I know your huſband's abhorrent trade,
And I heard the pitileſs words he ſaid
When forth laſt night in the ſtorm he went,
And I know the place where the night he ſpent.

“ I ſaw him drink with no word of grace
The Dwarfs' unhallowed wine,
I ſaw him among them take his place
With no protecting ſign ;
And I ſaw the fire flaſh over his brain
And lighten along each throbbing vein,
As reckleſſly from the cup he drank
'Till ſenſeleſs upon the ground he ſank.

“ I ſaw this morning his look of fear
When kneeling by the brook
That ſplaſhed in his face, ſo cool and clear,
As draught on draught he took ;

And I heard his cry of terror and pain
When the water to ſlake his thirſt proved vain,
And he ruſhed from the bank and homeward flew,
And bit the green leaves by the way that grew.

" I ſee him now as he fiercely churns
White foam between his teeth;
His mouth like a heated furnace burns—
Air, air, that he may breathe!
Now he ſtrikes his breaſt and he rends his hair,
For the air, the beautiful evening air,
Only fans the fire in his heart and brain
And quickens the pulſe in each fevered vein.

" The crime, the puniſhment I have ſeen—
Poor weeper, dry your tears;
Through clouds, that darkly intervene,
Before my ſight appears
A cure—an atonement—a ſecond cure:
Though the firſt may fail, yet the laſt is ſure:
By you, Mina, you, may the firſt be won;
But the laſt by himſelf—by himſelf alone.

" The blooms are white on the Elder-tree,
A moon, and they have been;
Another—and faint brown ſtreaks I see
Upon the berries green;
Then the Harveſt-moon, like a ſpirit bright
On a miſſion of love, glides through the night,
And her bleſſed light on the fruit is ſhed
Whoſe bloſſoms breathed over his ſlumbering head.

"Quick, quick and gather, ere yet a ftain
Of black be on them caft;
They'll quench the fire in his heart and brain——
The clouds o'er all have paffed.
Of the fecond, if aught I fee or know,
Yet, feeing or knowing, I nothing may fhew,
By himfelf muft that cure be fought and won,
The atonement made by himfelf alone."

PART III.

With feeble limb and drooping head
Comes Ludwig to the fhore—
"I fain would fee my boat," he faid,
"And the wide blue fea once more."
How altered now is his finewy frame!
Thin, fhrunken, confumed by the inward flame
That fcorches him ceafelefly, night and day,
That nothing can mitigate, nothing allay.

At firft he wandering fought relief
And eafement of his pain
In well and fountain, root and leaf,
On mountain and on plain:

Now his ſtrength is gone, and he ſcarce can creep
To the lonely verge of the ſilent deep,
Where his ſtranded ſhallop for months has lain
In the bliſtering ſunſhine, and wind and rain.

" Together here we are flung at laſt
To rot upon the ſhore,
Like wrecks the angry deep has caſt,
To float—ah, never more!
Shall you never more from the ſea-beach ſpring?
Never more the breeze through your cordage ſing?
Never more your keel o'er the blue waves dance?
Never more your ſail in the ſunlight glance?

" And ſhall I never more"—remorſe and ſhame,
New, ſtrange, intenſe, he feels,
Till every nerve in his waſted frame
Is ſhaken as he kneels;
There he kneels, though ſtorm-clouds lurid and dun
Hang lowering over the ſinking ſun,
Like the ſmoke that o'erhangs a leaguered town,
Or a burning ſhip that at ſea goes down.

And Mina, whither ſo late alone?
The wind blows fitfully,
And the conſcious ſea, with ſigh and moan,
Is moving reſtleſſly,
But, heedleſs of wind or of warning ſea,
She hopefully ſpeeds to the Elder-tree
To gather its fruit by the cold moonlight—
For the Harveſt-moon is at full to-night.

And, ſwiftly muſtering on every ſide,
The clouds up-riding come,
Till the ſky throughout its concave wide
Is ſhrouded in their gloom:
And their riven edges alone reveal,
As the moonbeams out through the openings ſteal
Like mountain ſtreams through crevice and ſcar,
Where the moon for liberty wages war.

Poor Mina watches the growing war—
"The Heavens will not forgive!
The very clouds ſeem leagued to mar
The hope on which I live!"
Lo! the clouds are ſcattered to left and right
And the Moon appears in her beauty and might,
And her light comes flooding the earth and ſea,
And Mina ſprings up to the Elder-tree;

When lightning, dazzling, flaſh on flaſh,
From heaven is earthward ſped,
And burſts the thunder, craſh on craſh,
Above her cowering head.
Lo! the Elder-tree from the cliff is rent
And over the ledge to the billows ſent;
And faces grim from the ruins peer out
And greet her with laughter, ſhout on ſhout.

The thunder-ſounds yet ſhake the ſky,
And vibrates yet the ground,
The echoes yet through the ruins fly
Of laughter all around,

When over the deep come a ſhriek and wail;
Lo! a plunging hull, a fluttering ſail—
A ſhip 'mong the breakers! Again rings out
A chorus of laughter, ſhout on ſhout.

'Tis Mabel's arm that is paſſed around
Poor Mina's proſtrate form,
And lifts her from the drenchëd ground
Like lily from the ſtorm;
And 'tis Mabel's finger that guides her eye
To a ſhallop's ſail that goes glancing by,
While the wind through its ſtraining cordage ſings
As over the ſurf to the ſhip it ſprings.

'Tis Mabel cries, with conſoling voice,
"The cure, the cure is won!
The atonement made—Wiſe, wiſe, rejoice!—
And by himſelf alone!"
Now the ſhip through the breakers threads its way,
It enters the gorge of the ſheltered bay,
It rounds the cliffs, it reaches the ſtrand,
And the rudder is held by Ludwig's hand.

The Trolls.

"A running ſtream they darena croſs."

The Trolls dwelt in the interior of certain hills in Scandinavia, ſometimes in large communities, and ſometimes in ſingle families. They were a peaceful and inoffenſive race, loving quiet and ſecluſion, and holding little intercourſe with mankind—at any rate of their own ſeeking. Like all underground people, they were ſkilful and expert workers in metal, producing weapons of war and implements of huſbandry, in excellence unapproachable by human workmen. Many a northern legend tells of the wonders wrought by theſe weapons, ſo deſired by men—of ſwords that could cut aſunder bars of ſteel as if they had been ruſhes dried in the wind—of ploughs that a child could guide and a houſe-dog draw, but which could turn a deeper furrow than any plough made by mortal hands, drawn by a yoke of oxen.

But other gifts, more highly prized than even theſe, were at the diſpoſal of the Trolls; ſuch as

the power to foresee future events, or bodily strength equal to that of many men.

Being a hard-working and industrious people, their garments were of the plainest fashion; but at feasts and rejoicings, such as the great annual festivals on New Year's Eve and Midsummer Eve, nothing could exceed the richness and elegance of their attire, or the grandeur and magnificence of their Banquet-hall, which was nothing less than an entire mountain elevated on countless pillars. Any mortal passing the hillside on these occasions was kindly invited to enter, and hospitably entertained. Numerous are the legends relating this fact, but not one—no, not one, in any language or country, mentions that the guests showed either courtesy or good-breeding towards their hosts: on the contrary, they either ate greedily, or churlishly refused to eat at all; drank deeply, or suspiciously poured the wine out at their feet—and generally ended by running away with the cup!

THE TROLLS.

Sweyn rides from market late to-night—
'T is never too late for Sweyn,
Or whether the moon be at its height,
Or young, or in the wane;
For Sweyn is a ploughman ſtout and tall,
And Sweyn has a valiant heart withal,
And oh, of his ſkill at a bargain vain!
So keen, ſo ſhrewd, ſo cunning is Sweyn!

"I ſaid and ſwore the grain was new—
Three years old it muſt be!—
The miller's a match for moſt men, too,
But he is' nt a match for me.
'T is he pays carriage and toll to mill,
And I left him to pay the tavern bill:
To cheat a man in a bargain ſo
Is the very pleaſanteſt thing I know."

Thus, with his bargain ſatisfied,
Home leiſurely rides Sweyn—
"Ha, ha! How I this day have lied
About that load of grain!—"

Rides leifurely home in the moonlight grey,
By height and hollow of moorland way,
And threading the copfe-wood dark, until
He comes in front of the Trolden hill.

He halts, he liftens — A bufy din
Like a town on market-day —
Crowd preffing on crowd the hill within
He fees from the moorland way;
For the hill itfelf is uplifted on
Ten thoufand pillars of crimfon ftone,
As the dome of foreft greenery
On its columned ftems upreared we fee.

" Grand feafting in the hill to-night,
Sweet drinks and difhes rare —
Hey! how it ftirs one's appetite
To think but of the fare!
'T is faid that one meal of Trolden food
To a mortal's ftomach does greater good
Than a twelvemonth's feeding on beef and wine —
I'll fee what a fupper will do for mine."

A gentle touch of heel to flank,
And the good horfe at a bound
Has cleared the brook, from bank to bank,
That fkirts the rifing ground.
Straight up to the open hill rides Sweyn;
There ftands a Troll who receives the rein;
Sweyn cafts it to him as carelefly
As if to a groom at a hoftelry.

Saw ever mortal ſuch a ſight
As Sweyn now looks upon ?
The Trolden hill within is light
As is its creſt at noon ;
For each pillar is wreathed from roof to floor,
And the roof itſelf is cruſted o'er,
With lamps, wherever a lamp may be,
As thick as the blooms on an apple-tree :

And rows of tables ranged between,
That look as look at morn
The meſhes of the ſpider ſeen
Upon the dewy thorn,
From edge to centre, around and through,
Though all united yet ſingle too :
There, elbow to elbow and knee to knee,
Are ſeated the Trolden company.

And every Troll is richly dreſſed —
High feſtival they hold —
With plait and ſeam of coat and veſt
All edged and trimmed with gold ;
While their buxom wives and daughters fair
Have wreaths of flowers in their braided hair,
But every leaf and petal of flower
Is a gem worth a titled lady's dower.

A Troll comes out with welcome kind,
And three leap from their ſeat
That gueſt ſo huge as Sweyn may find
Free ſpace to ſit and eat.

His plate with smoking viands is piled—
But Sweyn, though never he bowed or ſmiled
Or a ſyllable uttered of thanks or grace,
In a goblet deep has buried his face.

A long loud breath — he then prepares
The heaped-up plate to clear,
And firſt his elbows both he ſquares
And draws the table near;
And then, with face bent over his plate,
Champ, champ, his jaws on each other grate;
Though hurrying never yet never ſtill,
Like the grinding ſtones of a barley mill.

And on his left and on his right
A Troll in waiting ſtands,
Each holding, covered with napkin white,
A freſh diſh in his hands;
And one is ſtanding behind his chair —
To keep the goblet filled his care —
Thinks Sweyn "He's a fool at feaſt that waits;"
So leiſurely drinks while they change the plates.

And ſtill he eats, and eats, and eats,
The ſtewed, the boiled, the roaſt;
But ſomehow now the varied meats
Have much of their flavour loſt!
The action too of his knife grows ſlow,
The champ of his jaw grows dull and low,
And bits, juſt ſuch as erewhile he ate,
Are taſted, and left on the edge of his plate.

Again fresh dishes. Again the cup
Bells up with a foamy crown,
But Sweyn looks slowly, sadly up,
And knife and fork lays down —
" Remove the victual — remove it, I pray,
Or I'll lose what I've eaten so relishingly ;
But I think, I think, perhaps, I might
Drink one cup more — if I stood upright."

With both hands on the table spread
He rises from his seat,
And slowly bending back his head
He stretches to his feet.
When out of the cup he lifts his face
Of the feast remains no sign nor trace ;
But with foot advanced and wreathed hands
Each Troll by a smiling partner stands.

And music, soft as the softest notes
In deepest woodlands heard
When lightly over the south wind floats
And only their tops are stirred,
Comes wafted up like a long drawn sigh ;
And the Trolls in a mazy dance glide by,
Around the pillars, and in and out,
Whirling and twirling about and about.

When lo ! darts from the eastern sky
A ray of rosy light —
A thousand lamps extinguished lie
And darkly mark its flight !

And the glittering rays on darting come,
Each cutting its lengthened line of gloom,
And the wind-like muſic at once is laid,
And the clouds of whirling feet are ſtayed.

As Sweyn goes forth his horſe to find
A Troll comes haſtening up,
To bid the gueſt a farewell kind
And give the ſtirrup-cup;
For the dawn is breaking bright and faſt,
And for every ray that glances paſt
A thouſand lamps are extinguiſhed found
And the pillars an inch are ſunk in ground.

Sweyn takes the cup—The Troll has turned
Beneath the hill to look—
A touch—the horſe the greenſward ſpurned
And Sweyn is o'er the brook!
And up he reins. "Now what good," quoth he,
"Is a cup like this to a man like me?
I might ſell it, 'tis true, and 'tis ſolid gold;
But how I got it muſt then be told.

"Some ſimple folks the theft might blame,
For that I ſhould not care;
But then, but then, the Prieſt would claim
For 'Church and Poor' a ſhare.
I wiſh I could ſomething more uſeful get;
I'll ſee if I cannot exchange it yet."
He beckons the Troll, who ſtands alone,
For lamps and pillars and all are gone.

Since Jordan's ſacred current ran
Beneath the ſymbolled Rood,
'Croſs running ſtream no Chriſtian man
By Troll may be purſued;
At the water's brink ſo his feet are ſtayed:
Cries Sweyn, with a laugh, "'T is too deep to wade,
And a dangerous leap is a running ſtream;
Ha, ha! But would you the cup redeem?"

The Troll in ſilence nods his head
And keenly looks at Sweyn,
And Sweyn, ere other word be ſaid,
Looks keenly back again.
"Now what will you give? 'T is a beautiful thing,
And if ſold a mint of money 't would bring;
Come, ſomething that's uſeful, that I alone
Might have, and hold, and ſhare with none."

"A ſickle I will give, ſo ſtrong,
Yet light upon the wriſt,
'T will paſs the ſtanding corn among
Like ſunbeam through the miſt:
'T will reap more grain in a ſingle day
Than twelve ſtrong men can carry away—"
"And uſeleſs except at the harveſt be!
No ſickle," cries Sweyn, "no ſickle for me!"

"A flail then I will give, so light,
Yet powerful on the floor,
You may it wield from morn till night
Nor breathe a breath the more:

'T will thrash more grain in a single day
Than twelve strong men can carry away—"
" A capital thing for Master !" cries Sweyn,
" But little would I by the bargain gain."

" The strength of twelve men I will give,
And use it as you may—"
" To last as long as I shall live?"
" With life but to decay."
" Twelve men like myself?" " Even such as you."
" I think, I think, that offer may do."
" 'Tis yours. Now the cup." Sweyn leaps to the ground—
" But first I'll prove that the coin is found."

His arm around the horse is passed
As if the girth to try—
Upon his shoulder it is cast,
Hoofs striking at the sky!
But Sweyn stands steady and motionless,
Without rise of muscle or flush of face,
'Till down on the sward it is set again—
" Now the cup?" " Yet another trial," cries Sweyn.

A stone as big as an elbow-chair
Lies bedded in the sand—
'T is hurled a furlong through the air
By a jerk of his right hand!
" Now the cup." " One more." He strides up now
And twists from an oak a mighty bough,
And snaps it in twain, as you may have seen
An urchin snapping the stem of a bean!

Quoth Sweyn, "To lift, to throw, to break—
  The coin is good and ſound—
Troll! Now you may your tankard take."
  He caſts it on the ground,
And, whip and ſpur, on the road he flees:
But the Troll ſits nurſing and rubbing his knees,
A grin ſo intenſe on his face has he
That his mouth is round where his ears ſhould be.

Now, riſing to his ſeet again,
  He ſkips acroſs the brook
And lifts the cup; then after Sweyn
  He caſts one parting look.
"The greedy boor!" he chuckles at length,
"'Tis true I have given him twelve men's ſtrength,
But—ſince he ſo much in eating delights—
Ho, ho! *I have given him their appetites!*"

The Still-Man.

" 'Tis better to leave the well alone."

The Still-Folk of Central Germany in many refpects refembled the Trolls of Scandinavia, and not leaft in that love of quiet and ftillnefs from which the former derive their name. Like the Trolls they inhabited the interiors of hills, in which they had their fpacious halls, and ftrong rooms filled with gold, filver, and precious ftones. The communications between thefe and the outer world were through wells and fprings, and water-clefts in the rocks. In this refpect alfo they refembled the Trolls, for to this day they fhew a well in Norway " which was the noted haunt of the Trolls, and was faid to penetrate to the centre of the earth, and to be the paffage through which they emerged to upper air." Great were the virtues of thefe wells: not only did they give extraordinary growth and fruitfulnefs to all trees and fhrubs that grew near them, whofe roots could drink of their waters, or whofe leaves be fprinkled with the dews condenfed from their vapours; but

for human beings afflicted with certain maladies, they proved a fovereign remedy.

It was from the vapours of thefe wells, mingled with beams of the full moon or rays of the rifing fun, that they fpun the thread, warp and woof, of which they made their *Nebel-Kappe*—(cloud cap) or cap of invifibility.

THE STILL-MAN.

PART I.

'T is Hans the miller, old Hans' heir,
With flour enough in his clothes and hair,
His clothes ſo plain and his hair ſo ſleek,
To feed the mice of his mill for a week:
With his heavy hand he ſmooths his brow—
  Sure never looked knave ſo like a fool!—
As he comes to Grethel, the kind old frau,
  Wiſe Grethel, who keeps the village ſchool.

"A peck of meal I bring you here—
'T is pity good meal ſhould grow ſo dear!
And this is made from prime new grain
That has barely a year in the rickyard lain.
Juſt taſte—did ever in copſe-wood grow
  A nut with kernel half ſo ſweet?
'T is as ſoft and as white as the driven ſnow;
  What a beautiful thing is good new wheat!"

" 'Nothing for nothing to rich or poor,' —
Hans, heard you ever that ſaying before?
If all that the neighbours tell be true,
You know it by word and by practice too:
So, Hans, the matter to me reveal
That brings you here ſo late to-night;
What muſt I *do* for the peck of meal
From that prime new grain, ſo ſweet and white?"

" The neighbours then harſhly judge of me,
The peck of meal is a preſent free:
But—well—Frau Grethel, I fain would hear
Your advice in a matter that ſtands me near.
So 't is little I aſk, and that indeed
Moſt folks do willingly give unſought;
Aye, plenty of that we get in our need,
Becauſe, in ſooth, it has coſt them nought.

" When Father died—may his ſoul be bleſſed,
And his earthly frame in the grave find reſt!
For his life was a life of toil and care
And ſaving and thrift—and I am his heir;
But with all his ſaving and all his thrift
He never had plenty or comfort known,
Or to me a thaler or kreutzer left,
Had a ſecret hand not aided his own.

" Now liſten, Frau Grethel. Our houſe and mill
Are built at the baſe of the Wonder-hill,
Within whoſe boſom, as you know well,
The kind and help-giving Still-folk dwell:

A Still-man marked the endlefs moil
Of Father and me, our rent to pay —
Our pinching thrift and drudging toil —
And has steadily helped us from that day.

" The cows he leads to the paftures green
Where hoof but theirs has never been,
By fecret paths the crags among,
Where the dew on the herbage lingers long:
And hence the reafon why at the mill
The villagers milk and butter will buy,
Why the miller's cows the pail will fill
When every udder fave theirs is dry.'

" If a load of grain we want in hafte,
When the market price is at its beft,
The flail at night by the fheaves we lay,
And the wheat is in fack at break of day:
If ground to flour we want the grain,
We fet the facks by the mill-ftones down, —
At break of day it is in the wain,
All ready to ftart for the market-town.

" Frau Grethel — 'tis feldom that we hear
Of a plum-tree bearing every year,
But our big tree that ftands alone
Has never a barren feafon known:
And why? Becaufe it grows on the brink,
On the very brink of the Still-man's well,
Where its thirfty roots may ever drink
Of the water that never ran or fell.

" You ſhould have ſeen it on Eaſter E'en,—
All bloſſom and never a leaflet green!
It covered the ground like a fall of ſnow,
And ſheeted the mouth of the well below!
Or to-day, you ſhould have ſeen it to-day,
As I ſaw it at ſunſet from the mill,
While its fruit-bent boughs on the greenſward lay—
Like a purple cloud on the Wonder-hill!

" And when the fruit is ripe and round,
We place our baſkets on the ground,
Between the well and the plum-tree ſtem,
And at daybreak find the fruit in them:
And ſo neatly packed is every plum,
And each by other ſo lightly laid,
That not a mark on the delicate bloom
Have the Still-man's ſhadowy fingers made.

" And by his help which coſt us nought,
Far truſtier too than labour bought,
More timely given, with greater ſkill,
We bought at laſt both farm and mill:
Though Father ſaw his growing ſtore
He ne'er relaxed his life of care,
But to the laſt he added more—
And me he left his only heir.

" Yes, farm and mill and all are mine,
And *ſo* far I muſt not repine;
But what is farm, or what is mill
To the treaſures that lie in the Wonder-hill!

For the Still-ſolk down in its caverns keep
  Their wealth, unmeaſured and untold;
They have pile on pile and heap on heap
  Of rubies and diamonds and bars of gold!

"But flake of gold, or diamond bright,
Or ruby, never has met my ſight;
No, none of theſe treaſures he brings to me,
And his labour seems now but a mockery:
And I dream and I think, and I think and I dream
  Of the caverns bright with the wealth they hold;
Light as the day at noon they ſeem
  With rubies and diamonds and bars of gold.

"In dreams I feel my hands weighed down
With gems and gold—and all mine own!—
Till my yielding wriſts and fingers ache,
With their precious burden like to break.
Ah, Frau, to make theſe dreams come true!
  What courſe, what plan would you adviſe?
For ſkilled in Fairy lore are you,
  In books deep read, in counſel wiſe."

"Hans, Hans, were you with fever ill,
And ſought in aid the Doctor's ſkill,
What hope that it would make you well
Did you but half your ailments tell?
You now have told what you deſire,
  Your plan to gain it next reveal;
For if my counſel you require
  From me you nothing ſhould conceal."

"I've heard that he who boldly dares
Difplace the cap a Still-man wears—
His cap of invifibility,
Of moonlight woven and vapour gray—
May keep the Still-man evermore
In clofe and conftant fervitude;
Or freedom back to him reftore
And claim from him a ransom good.

"My plums are ripe: beneath the tree
To-night the bafkets placed fhall be,
The Still-man's brimming fountain nigh,
And down behind them I will lie."—
The Frau arofe from her feat in hafte,
An angry flufh fuffufed her cheek,
And thrice acrofs the room fhe paced
Ere to the miller fhe could fpeak.

"Beware, beware of ingratitude!
Oh how can you talk of fervitude
For one who freely, generoufly
Has refcued you from poverty?
How could you dare do fuch a wrong?
My counfel hear and then begone;
'Tis only a line from a plain old fong—
'*'Tis better to leave the well alone!*'"

PART II.

The bafkets beneath the tree are fet,
But Hans is lingering near them yet;
Though his foot is turned towards the mill
His ftep grows flow and flower ftill:
He halts at laft, but he ftands not long,
  Back he comes with a hafty ftride
And ftretches his length the grafs among—
  The dewy grafs by the fountain fide.

And there in the grafs on his back he lies,
His face upturned to the filent fkies;
While the moon looks over him into the well
As if fhe would of his ambufh tell:
And the million ftars are gazing down
  Clear-eyed upon him, so far below,
With a mocking fmile or an angry frown,—
  And they all his secret purpofe know.

He fhuts his eyes. There the ftars are yet!
Still keenly on him their watch is fet:
His palms on his throbbing lids are preffed;—
And 't is now they feem to fee him beft!
Then he fits upright. Shall he yet go home?
  Already much of the night is gone,
And better far he had never come
  Than now to make his presence known.

Again at his length in the graſs he lies,
But he turns his back to the ſtarry ſkies;
On his folded hands he reſts his brow —
So, ſo. He can think in comfort now.
What ſhall he do when the cap of miſt
  Is knocked from the trembling Still-man's head?
Already he feels him ſtruggle and twiſt,
  As away to the mill he is captive led.

And what ſhall the Still-man's ranſom be?
There's nothing ſo beautiful to ſee
As the ruddy glow of the ruby's flame, —
And yet to the diamond's it is tame,
Though its light be white and icy cold:
  Of one or of both then ſhall it be?
Or of long bright bars of yellow gold?
  All beautiful — He will have all three!

The caſtle that crowns the hill will be ſold
When the Hergrave dies — he is very old:
Pleaſantly there 'mong the trees it ſtands,
And Hans will buy it and all its lands:
Then the villagers ſmiling and bowing will come, —
  With a wave of his hand he will ſend them back,
Each to his villainous cottage home:
  Frau Grethel out of the village ſhall pack.

The moon to the weſt has paſſed away,
The ſtars are waxing faint and grey;
But all along where the uplands dim
Meet the eaſtern ſky-line, edge to rim,

Is a ſoft and roſy light beſprent;
   And out to the dark ruſh waves of flame,
Like bannered heralds out vanward ſent
   A conqueror's advent to proclaim.

The ſun is coming. Hans looks around,
And then ſits riveted to the ground:
Like an eaſtern turban of ſilk and gold,
Wreath twining with wreath, fold lapping on fold,
Is a miſt ascending from the well,
   Gracefully ſwirling from bank to bank—
Wildly he ſtruck, but forward fell,
   And under the cloſing waters ſank.

When Hans the miller opens his eyes
A ſcore of yards from the well he lies,
Flat on his back with his limbs outſpread,
Like a toad when cruſhed by a ploughman's tread;
But how he was fiſhed up from the well,
   Or how ſent ſpinning through the air,
Is more than Hans the miller can tell
   While choking and coughing and gaſping there.

And now, like ſteam from a giant's cup,
The miſt from the well-mouth riſes up;
Straight as a column of ſtone it aſcends
And never a moment wavers or bends;
Up, up till it paſſes above the tree,
   And then it ſpreads like a ſummer cloud—
A ſhadowy form there Hans can ſee,
   And its voice comes to him clear and loud.

"Lo!
I go,
Henceforth I ceaſe to be thy friend,
Although
So low
I may not bend,
As to become thy foe.
Base of heart
And covetous thou art,
And I depart.
In the waters clear
Of the well,
Many a year
Did I dwell,
For nothing of evil came it near:
It has polluted been by thee;
Now ſee
Under the ſpreading tree
The graſs is green —
And the well has been."

The cloud floats ſlowly over the mill
And ſettles down on the Wonder-hill;
And beneath the plum-tree nothing is seen
To mark the ſpot where the well has been.
Hans thinks as he drags his limbs along,
For his bones are aching every one,—
"There was truth after all in Frau Grethel's old ſong;
I wish I had left the WELL alone!"

The Hill-Man.

"The avalanche, the thunderbolt of ſnow."

The Hill-men or Dwarfs of Switzerland lived among the inacceſſible peaks of the upper Alps, paſturing and tending their flocks—not of ſheep or goats, but of wild chamois, a cup of whoſe milk received from the hands of a Hill-man, its rightful owner, like the widow's cruſe of oil, "failed* not."

Although thus living remote from the dwellings of men, they not unfrequently came to the ſolitary *chalets* on the lower Alps, bringing to the diſconſolate herdſman ſtray lambs or goats; and on occaſions they alſo deſcended into the valleys, to give to the inhabitants of the villages timely warning of coming ſtorms, floods, avalanches and landſlips: for the Hill-men, from their great knowledge of the conditions and changes of the elements, and from their living in the upper regions of the earth, where all primary elemental changes are wrought, knew the time, the force, the direction and the duration of every ſtorm—could tell where the embyro avalanche

was forming, when it would be diflodged from its giddy ledge, and upon what part of the terrified valley it would be precipitated.

" The natives of the Alps diftinguifh between feveral kinds of avalanches. The *ftaub-lawinen* (duft avalanches) are formed of loofe frefh-fallen fnow, heaped up by the wind early in the winter, before it has begun to melt or combine together. Such a mafs, when it reaches the edge of a cliff or declivity, tumbles from point to point, increafing in quantity as well as in impetus every inftant, and fpreading itfelf over a wide extent of furface. It defcends with the rapidity of lightning, and has been known to rufh down a diftance of ten miles from the point whence it was firft detached, not only defcending one fide of a valley, but alfo afcending the oppofite hill, by the velocity acquired in its fall, overwhelming and laying proftrate a whole foreft of firs in its defcent, and breaking down another foreft up the oppofite fide, fo as to lay the heads of the trees up the hill in its afcent.

" Another kind of avalanche, the *grund-lawinen* (ground avalanche) occurs in fpring, during the months of April and May, when the fun becomes powerful, and the fnow thaws rapidly under its influence. * * * * This fpecies is more dangerous in its effects, from the fnow being clammy and adhefive, as well as hard and compact."

The legend of " The Dwarf feeking lodging" is varioufly related, and more than one valley in Switzerland can fhow the tomb of a village, and claims for it the cataftrophe of the ballad.

THE HILL-MAN.

For weeks had the ſnow, and the ſnow alone,
The ſnow, the ſnow, met the aching ſight;
On the ſlopes and the peaks around it ſhone,
And the boughs of the trees with ſnow hung down,
And the houſe-tops all with ſnow were white;
And the ſun flung his dazzling glance below
On the freezing, glittering, sparkling ſnow.

But a ſturdy wind leaped up at laſt
From a mountain gorge where it long had ſlept;
And as down through the glens it ſhouting paſt
Came the miſts and the vapours following faſt,
And out and over the vale they ſwept;
Like the willing vaſſals of warrior lord
Who follow his foot and who wait his word.

The trees are ſtirred and their branches all
Caſt their heavy burdens to the ground,
And erect upſpring, like men from thrall
When they daſh to the earth at Freedom's call
The freezing chains that had them bound;
And the ſetting ſun diſdains to throw
One glance on the ſoiled and fallen ſnow.

Now into the hamlet's ſilent ſtreet,
With its cloſe ſhut doors and its miry way,
An aged Dwarf drags his weary feet
Through the melting ſnow and plaſhing ſleet;
His elfin locks are thin and grey,
And like wreaths of the fog and vapour ſhow
That denſer ever and denſer grow.

And at every door, as he wends his way,
He pauſes and utters this ſmall requeſt—
"But a morſel of bread, but a cup of whey,
But a ſcattered handful of ſtraw or hay
In barn or ſhed where my limbs may reſt—"
But the only anſwer to his requeſt
Is rude denial or heartleſs jeſt.

Still from door to door, from door to door,
And from ſide to ſide of the ſtreet he goes,
Till each houſe in the hamlet is counted o'er—
But is ever the anſwer as before,
And ever the door in his face they cloſe;
To every houſe he has been but one,
A little cottage that ſtands alone.

Alone it ſtands at the back of the ſtreet,
And ſeems as if for its poverty ſpurned;
It ſeems as if that its neighbours neat
All diſdained to look on this poor retreat,
And rudely on it their backs had turned:
The humble home of an aged pair,
Who spend the cloſe of their days down there.

As ſoon as they hear the Dwarf's requeſt
  The kind old wiſe to the door goes out,
And bids him enter and ſhare their beſt,
  Though humble their food and their place of reſt:
The huſband puſhes the embers about
And welcomes the Dwarf and praiſes his dame,
Then kneels on the hearth to blow the flame.

They ſet before him a loaf of bread—
  A barley loaf—'tis their only one;
Beſide it a small round cheeſe is laid
The dame from her ewe goat's milk has made,
  With a cup of the whey to waſh it down:
And neareſt the fire they place his ſeat,
And ſmile with pleaſure to ſee him eat.

Yet little he eats of the good folks' cheer,
  And the words he ſpeaks are brief and few,
For often he ſtarts, and ſeems to hear
An expected ſound, and doubt his ear,
  And liſten, and doubt, and liſten anew;
Then he kneels and preſſes his ear to the ground—
To his feet he ſprings, for he knows the ſound!

Erect and ſtraight to his feet he ſprings,
  And wondrous lithe and ſtrong he grows!
Up under his arm the wife he brings
And over his ſhoulder the huſband ſwings,
  And into the dark at a ſtride he goes,—
Cleaving the fog, and ſkimming the ſnow,
And leaving the hamlet far below.

Up, up the hill, and no halt makes he
  Till the yellow fog is below them ſeen,
When he looks and liſtens attentively —
The ſcared old folks can nothing ſee,
  And fain are they their eyes to ſcreen ;
Only a ruſhing ſound they hear,
That ſtrikes them mute with awe and fear.

They ſit by the Dwarf on the moonlit hill,
  And ever the ruſhing ſound they hear,
And louder it grows and louder ſtill
Till every ſenſe it ſeems to fill,
  To jar the brain, to deafen the ear,
And the very blood to curdle and chill—
Louder and louder and louder ſtill:

Till the ſky above, and the vale beneath,
  And every reeling hill around,
And every ſhifting vapour wreath,
Seem but this one dread ſound to breathe,—
  To breathe, to be themſelves but ſound;
Nothing but deafening, ſtunning ſound,
  In the ſky, the vale, and the hills around.

But the Dwarf, ah the Dwarf, the ſound knows well!
  The roar of the Avalanche he can hear!
Woe! Woe! It is ringing the hamlet's knell—
Its path of deſtruction he can tell,
  When firſt it breaks from the Peak of Fear
And bounds away in its dread career,
Till it burſts on the wood-clad mountains near.

The foreſt crops from the hills are ſhorn,
  As ſevered by ſickle are ears of grain, —
Or up by their rock-faſt roots they are torn, —
And on in one mighty ſwathe they are borne;
  Their ſtems like a ſtubble-field remain;
And leagues of ice, and earth, and ſnow
Ruſh down on the hamlet— Woe! Oh woe!

The miſt is upborne like a foaming ſea,
  Then ſinks and ſettles again in the vale;
The ſound is ſubſiding mournfully;
The echoes reply, each ſeparately;
  Now all unite in a long, low wail —
A wail for the hamlet buried and dead,
Where the ghoſtly miſt like a ſhroud is ſpread.

"Dear wife, in vain, in vain do I try
  To think how we came this houſe within—"
On a bed of fragrant moſs they lie
That may with the ſofteſt ſwandown vie,
  The coverlet is of white fox-ſkin;
And the walls and the roof are of pine-wood green
With heath and ferns laid cloſe between.

N

Green rushes, fresh gathered, bestrew the floor;
On a plane-tree table is breakfast set,
And ranged in a row 't ween the bed and the door
Stand three tall chairs made of sycamore,
For the shining bark on the wood is yet.
Now round to the Dwarf they look wonderingly —
" Good friend, can you tell how this may be?"

" This comes of sipping my wine last night,
Distilled from the rhododendron's bloom;
I gave you a taste when you swooned with fright,
And lay on the hill in the cold moonlight: —
For you have I built this mountain home;
I built it over you where you lay,
And the roof was thatched by the dawn of day.

" And then to the splintered peaks I clomb,
And drew the milk from a young chamois;
Strange seeds I gathered the crevices from,
That had from orient countries come
In the beaks of birds man never saw,
And that never have looked at him in awe,
But dwell near the sky with the free chamois.

" To drink of this milk be not afraid,
For fast as you drink the cup will fill;
This cheese from a part of it I made,
I bruised the seeds and I baked this bread,
And ever from these you may cut at will;
For fast as you cut they will grow again,
And whole and fresh while you live remain.

"When the hunter tired comes here to reſt,
  Or a homeleſs wight for charity,
When the traveller lated would be your gueſt,
Still kindly liſten to his requeſt
  And ſhelter him as you ſheltered me.
May your days like the flakes from yon ſnow-cloud be,
As many, and fall as peacefully!"

FAIRIES

OF THE

HEARTHS AND HOMESTEADS.

The Pixies.

"And for the maid who had perform'd each thing,
She in the water-pail bade leave a ring."

The Pixies ſeem to have been almoſt unknown out of Devonſhire and Cornwall. They were tiny creatures, not larger than a child's doll, pretty and graceful, and uniformly dreſſed in green. The Pixy-Monarch held his court on the wold, where he appointed to his ſubjects their reſpective duties, ſuch as to puniſh the intemperate, the ſelfiſh, and the ſlothful; and to aſſiſt and reward the abſtemious, the ſelf-denying, and the induſtrious. Many a burly farmer returning from market (when the ale had been good and the talk over bargains entertaining) has ſtabled his horſe in a ſand-pit, and himſelf gone to bed in a furze buſh; or after putting his horſe in the barn among the unthraſhed corn, he himſelf has got aſtray in his own paddock, walking round and round it, unable to find the wicket till daylight —all this, he averred, was Pixy-doing.

But the good wife, her daughters and maids, received an equal ſhare of the Pixies' attentions :—

> " They make our maids their fluttery rue
> By pinching them both black and blue,
> And put a penny in their ſhoe
> The houſe for cleanly ſweeping."

Again—

> " But if the houſe be ſwept,
> And from uncleanneſs kept,
> We praiſe the houſe and maid—
> And ſurely ſhe is paid ;
> For we do uſe before we go
> To drop a teſter in her ſhoe."

Thus did they reward induſtry, and puniſh ſloth and intemperance ; but inaſmuch as example is better than precept, they themſelves toiled diligently all night at whatever work was neceſſarily left unfiniſhed at the end of the day ; only requiring that a cup or pail of freſh water ſhould be nightly ſet apart for their uſe, in which, that their own ſervices might be quite gratuitous, they frequently left a ſmall ſilver coin.

A legend ſomewhat reſembling the following is told in Devonſhire :—

THE PIXIES.

PART I.

Two ſiſters dwell in a cottage ſmall,
Where roſes hide the trelliſed wall,
And clematis and jeſſamine
Around the porch and caſements twine;
From garden path to cottage eaves
Is nothing ſeen but blooms and leaves,
Sweet blooms the minſtrel bee knows well,—
And there two orphan ſiſters dwell.

The elder, Mary, buſily
Was ſpinning by the break of day,
But Alice lingers ſtill in bed
Although the ſun is overhead:
And merrily the wheel goes round
With low, unceaſing, whirring ſound;
As if it ſent the cheerful bee
An anſwering ſong of induſtry.

"Rife, Alice, rife, for much have you
Within, without the houfe to do,
While to the market-town go I
Our thread to fell, your kirtle buy:
Fail not to bring the firewood home,
Be fure to drain the honeycomb,
And lay the faireft apples by
For winter ufe in cupboard dry."

The fun had fet an hour and more,
And weary were her feet and fore,
For far had been the market-town,
When Mary in her home fat down:
But foon the fmile forfook her face,
For everything looked comfortlefs;
No tea-board on the table laid,
Unfwept the hearth, unbaked the bread.

"You have not brought the firewood home,
You have not drained the honeycomb,
Nor ftored the winter fruit, — I fear
You have been idle, fifter dear."
"The Pixies everything will find,
They are, you know, fo very kind;
They will put everything away,
And fifter, now to bed, I pray."

To bed together — foon to fleep:
Now foftly forth the Pixies creep,
With tip-toe ftep and whifper low
They to their feparate duties go —

To bake, to ſweep, to ſew, to ſpin—
But ere their labours they begin,
They lightly to the pail draw near
To drink one draught of water clear.

"Wake, Alice! Alice! Do you hear
Thoſe angry mutterings? I fear—
But no, oh no, you could not fail
To fill the little Pixies' pail!"
"It is as when you went away,
No water have I drawn to-day,
And will not leave my bed, I trow,
To fetch it for the Pixies now."

No pauſe, no anſwer Mary makes,
But quits her bed, the pail ſhe takes,
And haſtens from the cottage-door,
Though weary are her feet and ſore:
She backward ſtarts, but not with fear,
Reflected in the water clear
She ſees ſweet faces round her own—
She dips the pail, and they are gone.

She bears it brimming full along—
Is it ſo light, or ſhe ſo ſtrong?
Upborne it ſeems by hands below!
Seems onward of itſelf to go!
On to the door and in it goes!
The door ſeems of itſelf to cloſe!—
Thoſe faces in the water bright
Will bring her pleaſant dreams to-night.

PART II.

The sun with bright and cheerful face
Again begins his daily race,
And chases from the earth and sky
The shadows that upon them lie;
And with him, from her humble bed,
The elder sister lifts her head;
And light and happiness she brings,
Like him, to all surrounding things.

Straight to the Pixies' pail she goes,—
Sudden her cheek with pleasure glows,
She claps her hands in glad surprise,
And joyfully to Alice cries,
"Oh come and see this lovely sight,
The silver pennies shimmering white
At bottom of the water clear,—
A score at least. Come, sister dear!"

But Alice tries to rise in vain,
No power do her limbs retain;
Dismayed, she back reclines a while,
And sighs, and then affects to smile;
Again she tries, now wild with fear,
And grasps at everything anear,
And screams for help—in vain, in vain,
All powerless her limbs remain!

The day paſſed on; the morrow came,
And paſſed, and left her ſtill the ſame;
And weary weeks and months wore by
And ſaw her lying helpleſſly:
Were loſt to her the ſummer ſky,
The autumn woods of every dye,
The winter's ſnowy covering,
And flowery pride of verdant ſpring.

All day her ſiſter ſits her near,
Her wants to tend, her plaints to hear;
And never ſeems to droop or tire,
Or food to take or reſt require;
And every night the Pixies good
Drive round the wheel with ſound ſubdued,
And leave — in this they never fail —
A ſilver penny in the pail.

She lies and thinks of former days,
And former thoughts and former ways,
Her ſiſter kind, the Pixies good,
And of her own ingratitude;
Her time ſo waſted and miſſpent,
To ſelfiſh eaſe and pleaſure lent —
Sees nought to praiſe and all to blame,
Till burns her cheek with grief and ſhame:

And, weeping bitterly, ſhe cries,
As on her ſiſter's breaſt ſhe lies —
"Oh, could I leave this loathed bed,
And feel the ſunſhine on my head!

And oh, to feel the morning air
Blow on my eyes and 'mong my hair!
And oh, for ſtrength to toil for thee,
True friend, as thou haſt toiled for me!"

PART III.

Another dawn; and now the ſun
His varied, circling courſe has run,
And all the little houſehold ſhows
As when a year ago he roſe.
"Come, Alice, ſee this lovely ſight,
The ſilver pennies ſhimmering white
At bottom of the water clear, —
A ſcore at leaſt. Come, Alice dear!"

Forgetful of the paſt ſhe ſpoke,
But Alice at her call awoke;
The bed-clothes from her feet ſhe flings,
And down upon the ground ſhe ſprings,
And runs to where her ſiſter ſtands
With wildered looks and claſpëd hands:
Then full remembrance comes, and there
They bend their trembling knees in prayer.

And long they knelt and wept and prayed,
As if to riſe again afraid;
And when at laſt they roſe and ſtepped,
Still tremblingly they prayed and wept:
Firſt, hand in hand acroſs the floor,
Then to the window, then the door;
A moment 'gainſt the porch they leant,
And out into the garden went.

The freſhneſs of the morning breeze,
That haſtened through the leafy trees
Among her flowing hair to play,
Took power and wiſh to ſpeak away.
'T were hard to tell the happieſt,
For both were happy, both were bleſt;
The one to feel thoſe joys anew,
The other her delight to view.

Now merrily their wheels go round,
With low, unceaſing, whirring ſound,
And blithely ſend the cheerful bee
An anſwering ſong of induſtry;
And every night the Pixies good
Drive round the wheels with ſound ſubdued,
And never at departing fail
To leave the penny in the pail.

The Brownie.

" Soe fares the unthrifty Laird of Linne."

Brownie, the Houſehold-ſpirit of the Scottiſh Lowlands and Borders, is one of the moſt intereſting perſonages in the whole range of the Fairy Creed. Elf, Pixy, Dwarf, Troll—all had ſome tie of kindred, claimed a connection with ſome community, owned allegiance to ſome king or ruler of their own kind; but Brownie lived alone among men. He had no chief, ſave the maſter of the houſe to which he attached himſelf; no kindred, ſave the maſter's family; no home, ſave the maſter's domain; and to the ſervice of that maſter his whole time and energies were devoted; but this attachment he only formed for ſuch as loved and practiſed the kindly virtues of charity and hoſpitality. By night, he toiled at the work moſt urgent or profitable on the homeſtead; by day, he watched that nothing was neglected, injured or waſted by others; and as this labour was to him a labour of love, as his ſtrength

was ſuperhuman and his ſupervifion unceafing, we cannot wonder that proſperity ſhould have marked the place where Brownie made his home. So free were his ſervices, and ſo difintereſted his motives, that the offer of recompenſe of any kind was always deemed by him a great affront, and was ſure to make him forſake the place—and with him went the proſperity that had marked his preſence.

In perſonal appearance Brownie was a little ſpare man, with wrinkled face and ſhrewd and expreſſive features. He had ſhort, curly, brown hair, and the cloak and hood in which he was always ſeen were of the ſame colour—hence his name.

THE BROWNIE.

PART I.

The good old Laird of Linden Hall
Is on his death-bed laid,
To ſervants old and kinſfolk all
His lateſt word is ſaid;
He liſtens to their parting tread,
And when they all are gone
He beckons nearer to his bed
His ſon, left there alone.

" Aye, ever faithful, ever true
I've proved them, every one —
Be this remembered ſtill by you,
Dear boy, when I am gone.
And now ſtand near me, low and near,
For feebly comes my breath,
And I have much for you to hear
Before I ſleep in death.

"While Scotland's crown was won and loft
In many a bloody fight,
The chief whofe name we bear and boaft
Struck boldly for the right;
And never took he hand from glaive
Until the land was free;
Then Bruce to him this lairdfhip gave
For his fidelity.

"The battle blade he laid afide,
The buckler and the fpear,
And came to till his acres wide
And Linden Hall to rear:
He came the wafted fields among
As comes to them the Spring,
And hearths that had been filent long
With joy were heard to ring.

"And laird and tenant, young and old,
For many a mile had come
To meet and greet the warrior bold,
And bid him welcome home:
The feaft was fpread, and fong and jeft
Went round till rofe the fun;
Then on his way went every gueft—
Went every gueft but one.

"Still lingered in the empty hall
One folitary man,
If man might own a form fo fmall,
And face fo fpare and wan;

He ſat in ſad and thoughtful mood,
  In cloak of ruſſet brown,
Of faſhion old, with cape and hood
  That to his waiſt came down.

" The Laird looked wondering at his gueſt,
  The gueſt looked back at him —
Looked wondering at his width of cheſt,
  And length and ſtrength of limb —
Looked wondering at his face that ſhone
  With ſoft and genial ſmile,
Like Autumn ſunlight falling on
  Some ſtout old Border pile.

" Then ſtepped the Laird up to his gueſt,
  And thus unto him ſaid —
' At Linden Hall for ſtrangers' reſt
  A couch is ever ſpread;
One cup at parting — fill it high —
  Health and proſperity!
Friend, you are welcome here as I,
  And here to ſtay as free.'

" The ſtranger roſe, and from his face
  The hood he backward flung;
And, with his lifted hands, a ſpace
  The proffered hand he wrung;
Then reached the wine-cup from the board,
  And drained it of the wine —
' Mine hoſt, I take you at your word,
  Now take you me at mine.

" 'A Brownie is your guest, good Laird;
Far journey hath he come,
But in this war-torn land despaired
To find a fitting home:
For still where welcome are the poor,
And hospitality
Shows table spread and open door,
There Brownie's home shall be.

" 'Where bed is kept for weary head,
And cup for thirsty lip,
And, sweeter yet than cup or bed,
Kind word of fellowship;
Where loss or wrong or suffering
Still meets with sympathy,
And grief its tale may freely bring—
There Brownie's home shall be.

" 'And so at bonnie Linden Hall
May Brownie bide, I ween,
Unheard by all his foot shall fall,
By all shall pass unseen:
Protecting, guarding goods and gear
From waste and injury,
At home, a-field, afar, a-near—
Here Brownie's home shall be.'

"They parted thus, they met no more,
But ever from that day
At Linden Hall each object wore
Look of prosperity:

The crops were good and garnered well,
The flocks on hill and lea
All throve — the dulleſt hind could tell
Here Brownie's home muſt be.

"Threeſcore and ten, the promiſed years,
Were meted to the Laird,
Then he, with many prayers and tears,
Was laid in the kirkyard.
And from his grave in ſorrow deep
Departed every one;
His ſtricken ſon did vigil keep
Alone, till roſe the ſun.

"Then in the hall a ſtranger ſtood,
In cloak of ruſſet brown,
Of faſhion old, with cape and hood
That to his waiſt came down.
The vow was ſolemnly renewed
Of hoſpitality,
The cup was drained, as token good
Here Brownie's home ſhould be.

"And ever thus, from ſire to ſon,
The ſtory has been told;
And when one Laird's life-leaſe is run
Comes Brownie as of old,
The new Laird's hand in faith to take,
The cup of wine to drain,
As pledge of friendſhip nought ſhall break
Thenceforth between them twain."

PART II.

The good old Laird of Linden Hall
  Is in the kirkyard laid,
His fervants old and kinffolk all
  Long by his grave fide ftayed,
Of all his kindly ways to tell —
  From him none fuffered wrong —
Kind ways that they remember well,
  And will remember long.

But ere the grave well clofed had been
  His fon had homeward gone —
Was it that he might weep unfeen,
  That he might mourn alone?
That he might hide the grief that makes
  The ftrong man like the child,
When chaftening Heaven a dear one takes —
  Grief paffionate and wild?

What found the ftartled ear affails,
  More dreadful than the cry
Of fpirit bruifed, when Reafon fails
  It in its agony?
Rude grooms are whiftling at the gate,
  And boifterous fhout and brawl
And laughter loud and fierce debate
  Refound through Linden Hall!

As clamourous round their victim meet
  Vile birds and beafts of prey,
Are met the gamefter and the cheat,
  The profligate and gay:
And fong and chorus, laugh and jeft,
  Are heard till morning fun;
Then to his reft goes every gueft —
  Goes every gueft but one.

Still lingers in the empty hall
  One folitary man,
If man may own a form fo fmall,
  And face fo fpare and wan:
He fits in fad and thoughtful mood,
  In cloak of ruffet brown,
Of fafhion old, with cape and hood
  That to his waift come down.

Then ftepped the Laird up to his gueft;
  No greeting kind gave he,
But thus abruptly him addreffed —
  "May you the Brownie be?"
And Brownie ftood up in his place
  Like one from dream that woke,
And drew the hood back from his face,
  But never word he fpoke.

"A cup of wine you come to claim,
  The pledge of faith from me
That Linden Hall fhall keep its name
  For hofpitality:"

Then loud he laughed. "Aye, by the rood!
Such hospitality,
As since he first within it stood
Did Brownie never see!

"I have begun," — again he laughed —
"Nor time, sooth, have I lost:
Now, Brownie, let the cup be quaffed
Between you and your host."
He filled it high, he drank it up,
Replenished it anew,
"Drink! Drink!" But from the proffered cup
Back Brownie shrinking drew;

Back, back, the wine cup to elude;
But after, pace for pace,
With gesture rude the Laird pursued
And dashed it in his face.
Short while he stood in mute surprise,
And shook his dripping cloak;
Then lifted up his sad sad eyes,
And to the Laird he spoke.

"As differs from the tempest wild
That devastates the plain,
The gentle breath of spring-tide mild
That fans the tender grain;
As differs from the lightning's flame
The summer's genial ray,
So differs, Laird, this waste, this shame
From hospitality.

"Farewell. Repent the wrong you do
  Your father's memory,
And I, for his ſake, pardon you
  The wrong you do to me.
Repent. Your vile companions ſpurn,
  Renounce their vices all; —
And Brownie ſhall again return
  To bonnie Linden Hall."

PART III.

Now ſhines on bonnie Linden Hall
  The light of ſummer morn,
And ſhrill and high is heard the call
  Of merry huntſman's horn;
And up reſponſive ſprings the hound,
  Impatient to be freed,
And chafing, reſtleſs, paws the ground
  The fleet and fiery ſteed.

And ſoon the riders, one and all,
  The revellers by night,
Come gaily trooping from the Hall
  In hunting garb bedight;

And gayeſt garb where all are gay
  Is that the young Laird wears,
And keeneſt ſpur on heel this day
  Is that the young Laird bears.

O'er field or fallow in the chaſe
  None with the Laird may keep;
The freeſt hand, the ſwifteſt pace,
  The boldeſt at the leap.
And thus in revelry the night,
  In reckleſs sport the day,
They paſſed, till Winter's mantle white
  Upon the ſtubble lay.

Then little for ſuch ſports they cared,
  The long nights weary grew,
So to the city they repaired
  To ſeek for pleaſures new:
And there the Laird in Faſhion's race
  Was ever foremoſt ſeen;
Still heading all, as in the chaſe
  Unequalled he had been.

The hunter knows that reckleſs ſpeed,
  Though it may win the race,
Will ſoon exhauſt the braveſt ſteed,
  And brief will be the chaſe:
But reckleſs, purpoſeleſs, the Laird
  Purſued his mad career,
Though Ruin full upon him ſtared,
  Compaſſionleſs and near.

He now dismissed the servants old —
  Heart sore and sad they went —
Then farms and crops and homesteads sold,
  And all on pleasure spent :
Till from him every rood is reft
  Of all that lairdship fair,
So nobly won, so freely left,
  And he the only heir !

The trees that shelter gave and shade,
  The mighty trees are gone —
They had been planted when was laid
  The Hall's foundation stone —
The trees are all cut down and sold,
  And pitiless may fall
The summer's heat, the winter's cold
  On lonely Linden Hall.

Across the bleak and open plain
  The wind blows bitterly ;
Unceasingly fall sleet and rain,
  And closing is the day :
No fire its ruddy welcome sends
  The Hall's deep shadow past,
To yon poor wayfarer who bends
  His forehead to the blast.

Alas! Alas! Closed is the door
  To all the homeless known,
And where the ingle blazed before
  Is now the cold hearthstone:
And gone are they who freely gave,
  And smiled with joy to see
The poor, the friendless come to crave
  Their hospitality.

With feeble, trembling limbs he creeps,
  And lies down at the gate,
Nor shuns nor heeds the blast that sweeps
  Its portals desolate.
The day is closed—falls darkest night
  Around him like a pall;
And there lies dead at morning light
  The Laird of Linden Hall.

He had repented—late, oh late!—
  And in his woe had come
To die alone beside the gate
  Of his deserted home:
But sadly by one stranger stood,
  In cloak of russet brown,
Of fashion old, with cape and hood
  That to his waist came down.

The Kobold.

"There's nothing colder than a desolate hearth."

The Kobold of Germany and the Nis of Scandinavia were identical; it has also been thought that the Brownie of Scotland was the same being, but although in many points they resembled each other, they were not the same.

In Germany, a Kobold was to be found in almost every house; and in Scandinavia, not only in every house, but in every ship, and even in every church. In a church, he watched the behaviour of the congregation, and punished those who conducted themselves with impropriety; in a ship, he watched over the safety of the vessel and its crew; in a house, he aided the host in his trade or calling, whatever it might be, and materially contributed to his welfare and prosperity. In this last respect he performed the same part as Brownie; but whereas Brownie only resided in houses where charity and hospitality were held in respect, the Kobold took up his residence in any house, irrespective of the virtue or vice of its proprietor; only, if virtue were

his rule of conduct, the Kobold promoted his prosperity, and guarded the happiness of his household with the utmost care and assiduity; if vice, he lost no opportunity of thwarting and annoying him; and to a spirit of the Kobold's nature and position, it will be seen that these were neither unfrequent nor unimportant. Nor was it of the slightest use to remove to another dwelling. The Kobold went with him, and no change of abode could release him from his tormentor: *that* could only be accomplished in one way—by relinquishing the practices to which the Kobold objected.

It was before Nüremberg that Gustavus Adolphus first experienced defeat, when attempting to break the lines of blockade with which Wallenstein had surrounded him. In the next campaign Wallenstein, following up his old tactics, again tried to blockade Gustavus at Naumburg; but presuming too much on the straitened means and difficult position of his adversary, he ventured to divide his force and despatch a large portion of it to the relief of Cologne, at that time besieged, and otherwise to extend and weaken his position. Then it was that Gustavus advanced to the famous field of Lutzen, and there he fell, covered with wounds—

"The shout of victory ringing in his ears."

THE KOBOLD.

COUNT RUPERT of the Rhine it was —
My little ones, draw near,
And of the Fatherland and Faith
A ſtory ye ſhall hear —

Count Rupert, from the vine-clad hills
Above the winding Rhine,
Was brought a priſoner to the camp
Of haughty Wallenſtein.

They led him to a caſtle near,
And fiercely did they cry
" A rebel's death, a traitor's death
To-morrow thou ſhalt die!"

They led him through the broken gate,
Acroſs the ruined ſquare —
The trooper's brand, the ſpoiler's hand
Had both been buſy there —

They left him bound upon the ground,
In dungeon dark to lie—
" Not by the sword but by the cord
To-morrow thou shalt die!"

" The name of Traitor do I spurn;
'T is theirs who would betray
Our right to build our altars up,
Our right at them to pray:

" Of Rebel! 'T is my loudest boast,
As 't is my highest pride;
A Rebel 'gainst the many wrongs
My country doth abide.

" To die! It is the soldier's meed,
Of life's rough march the goal—
The hour be blest when to its rest
Departs my weary soul!

" And recks it nought in cause like mine
How parts my fleeting breath,
If by the cord or by the sword
I pass unto my death.

" I stood alone at Nüremberg
When I my sword did yield,
When, fighting still, the Royal Swede
Was driven from the field:

"Death ſought I then. I would have ſlept
  Upon that mournful day,
My ſword in my embracing hand,
  With my comrades where they lay.

"But recks it nought in cauſe like mine
  The manner of my death,
If to the ſword or to the cord
  I yield my parting breath."

'T was midnight, and Count Rupert lay
  Upon the dungeon floor —
More peaceful ſlumber never fell
  Upon his lids before —

When, whiſpering, whiſpering, like the wind
  In fringe of reedy brake
When reeds are ſere, ſaid in his ear
  A low, ſad voice, "Awake!

"Awake! Awake!" The full round moon
  Looks ſtraight into the place;
[illegible] clear, the grating-bars appear
  up againſt her face.

Then queſtioned he "Who calleth me?
From ſleep who calleth me?"
The clear moon ſhone—the moon alone
Did bear him company.

"How may this be? Who calleth me?"
He looked the dungeon round,
And lo! the ſhadow of a child,
Traced faintly on the ground.

Between the ſhadow and the moon
He looked — was nothing more;
No, nothing but the moonlight and
The ſhadow on the floor.

Again the voice. "Ariſe! Ariſe!
I come to ſet thee free."
Count Rupert queſtioned, "What art thou
From ſleep that calleth me?"

"The Spirit of this hearth and home" —
Was anſwered with a ſigh —
"Of this cold hearth and waſted home
The Guardian was I.

"All cold, cold, cold. All dark and cold.
Its gentle hearts are fled,
And blood of thoſe who ſtood to guard
Is on its threſhold ſhed."

Replied Count Rupert, "Reck I not
  Though life have reached its goal,
The hour be bleſt when to its reſt
  Departs my weary ſoul.

"Oh Nüremberg! Oh Nüremberg,
  Where all my comrades lie!
Woe, woe the hour when from the field
  The Swede was forced to fly!"

Rejoined the voice, "He ſtands at bay
  And grimly eyes the foe;
From vantage ground they hem him round,
  But dare not ſtrike the blow:

"They deem him in the toils, and they
  This night their force divide;
One half is marching on the Rhine,
  And one doth here abide:

"Their lines are weak and wide—Wilt bear
  Theſe tidings to the Swede?"
Count Rupert burſt his bonds in twain—
  "I follow where you lead!"

The ſhadow flitted to the wall,
  (The moon looked ſmiling on)
A moment flitted to and fro
  Upon the wall of ſtone,

And disappeared. Stone fell from stone
   Revealing archëd way:
Count Rupert stoops his stature tall
   To follow as he may,

When in his weapon-hardened hand,
   Slow groping 'long the wall,
A hand like to a child's is laid,
   So soft it is and small.

And soon a speck of light appears,
   Dim, terminating, far —
A speck amid the black and breeze
   Of midnight, like a star,

That nears and broadens: fresher yet
   And fresher comes the breeze;
To lofty cave the way expands;
   Beyond, the fields and trees.

A spreading oak, a saddled steed
   That, neighing, rears its head
And shakes its rattling rein, for well
   It knows Count Rupert's tread.

Once more the voice, "Farewell! Farewell!"
   The hand from his is gone —
The shadow vanished. By his steed
   Count Rupert stands alone.

With gentle tone, and fondling hand
Careſſing neck and mane,
" Captivity we ſhared," he cried,
" Now we are free again!

" For Fatherland and Faith!" Away!
With moon and ſtars to guide —
Away, away, o'er plain and pale,
As on the wind they ride

As from his lair the lion ſprings
The ſlumbering hounds among,
So on his unſuſpecting foes
The bold Guſtavus ſprung;

And from the leaguer they were driven
In rout and wild diſmay,
And Nüremberg was well avenged
On Lutzen field, that day!

Yet many a year of war had we
Ere peace and liberty,
With interchange of dark defeat
And hopeful victory;

But no defeat could daunt the hearts
  That Lutzen fight had won,
No victory such hope inspire
  As Lutzen field had done.

When in its sheath Count Rupert placed
  His well-worn battle blade —
" So would I rest in mine own home
  Beside the Rhine," he said.

He sought his home. A stranger met
  Him at the closëd door —
Was not a hand to clasp in his
  That he had clasped of yore!

With aimless step he wandered back
  To scenes of former strife, —
To scenes of stern eventful deeds
  That thronged his soldier-life —

And to the castle whence erewhile
  He had been freed, he came —
Its stately gates, its lighted halls
  Scarce knew he for the same.

Then came its hospitable lord —
  A comrade old I trow!
(Peace to his war-tired spirit be,
  His march is over now.)

He led him to his daughter fair,
  " Now, Irmengarde, be thine
The taſk to keep this wanderer here —
  Count Rupert of the Rhine."

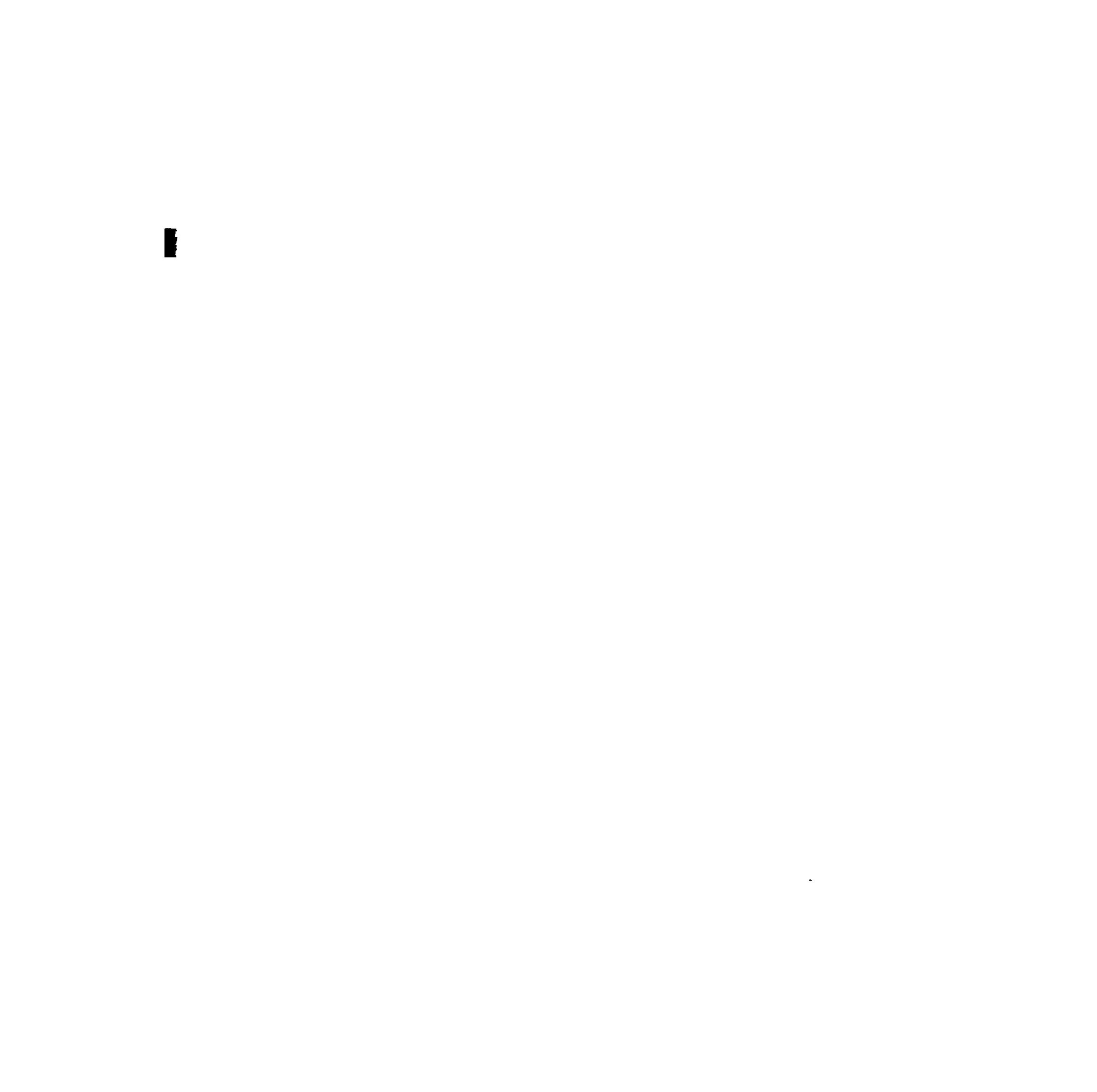
And ſhe, for that ſhe prized the hand
  Could graſp the ſword at need,
And heart that for the Fatherland
  And Faith could freely bleed —

Though his home was gone, and there was none,
  No, none ſo fair as ſhe
In all the land, yet heart and hand
  Did ſhe accept from — me.

Aye, me! Count Rupert of the Rhine!
  There Irmengarde you ſee —
Your mother! Love her, dear ones mine,
  For all her love to me.

And this the caſtle — You ſhall view
  The dungeon where I lay,
The cave that opens to the fields,
  The dark and ſecret way,

Where by the Kobold I was led;
  And if you there ſhould ſee
A little ſhadow, like your own,
  His ſhadow it may be.



FAIRIES

OF THE

SEAS AND RIVERS.

The Fata Morgana.

—♦—

" For ſeldom have ſuch ſpirits power
To harm, ſave in the evil hour
When guilt we meditate within,
Or harbour unrepented ſin."

—♦—

Fata Morgana.—There is a grandeur, a myſtery and a terror connected with this potent enchantreſs, that diſtinguiſhes her from every other perſonage of the Fairy Family. Never was ſhe ſeen by man, and the appearing of her ſpell-created palace, like the upriding thunder-cloud, was at once the herald and the inſtrument of ſtorm and death; faſcinating the imagination of the ſpectator by its beauty, terrifying him by the evidences of its power. Many have ſeen and ſpoken and written of this palace—iſlanded on the ocean midway between the Italian and Sicilian ſhores, engirt with garden, and terrace, and tower; and every ſucceeding ſpectator has thought that it ſurpaſſed all that had been ſaid or written in its praiſe.

Like all other fairy beings Fata Morgana had no power over any but the wicked; the mariner whofe foul was unftained with guilt, faw in her towers but a beacon to warn him back to the harbour from the coming ftorm.

It was no fmall part of the dangers and anxieties of the coral fifhers of the Mediterranean, that they were conftantly liable to be attacked by the lawlefs Corfairs that infefted thofe waters—chiefly from the Barbary States.

THE FATA MORGANA.

'T WAS off the coaſt of Barbary —
  How faſt the time away has flown!
It ſeems as if but yeſterday,
  And fifty years are paſt and gone!

'T was off the coaſt of Barbary —
  My tale, I trow, is like our boat,
A laggard getting under weigh
  When from this blue lagoon to float,

But once upon the open ſea,
  The free breeze piping in her ſail,
She ſkims the waters merrily —
  So, meſſmates, ye will find my tale.

'T was off that cheerleſs coaſt we lay;
  The Captain cried, "Our toils are o'er,
And we ſhall ſee ere cloſe of day
  The purple headlands of our ſhore.

"And then for Home and its delights,
  And eyes that for our coming weep:
Who now recks of the days and nights
  That we have ſpent upon the deep?"

Aye, chilly nights and ſcorching days
  A-many had we watched and toiled,
Yet to Madonna gave we praiſe
  For ſhe had on our labour ſmiled:

Long coral branches ſtraight and fine,
  Of pureſt grain and rareſt hue—
Each branch a fortune—through the brine
  Up daily on our nets we drew.

The looked-for day had dawned at laſt
  Upon our lateſt night of toil,
And we had made our lateſt caſt,
  And from the nets had ta'en the ſpoil;

And cheerily the Captain hailed,
  "Up with the anchor to the peak!—"
What ſound his ſtartled ear aſſailed,
  And blanched his quivering lip and cheek?

The meaſured clank and ſweep of oar,
  A boat with many a turbaned head,—
Right on and down on us it bore,
  And ſoon the deadly volley ſped

Thick, thick among our helplefs crew :
  A crafh, as bow to gunwale came ;
Then flafhing blades, that darting flew
  Among the fmoke like tongues of flame :

And fhriek and fhout and oath and prayer
  And groan and ftamp and heavy fall
Arofe commingling in the air,
  And then—and then 't was filence all.

Two fiery eyes upon me glared,
  A bloody hand was round my throat;
A paufe, a laugh, and I was fpared,
  And rudely caft into their boat.

Was it for pity of my youth,
  A helplefs child, that I was fpared?
My terror, did it move to ruth
  The cruel eyes that on me glared?

'T was gain! Aye, mates, I might be fold;
  For that alone they did me fave :
Free market there, with ready gold —
  A comely boy, a proper flave,

A thing of traffic — I was flung
  By the rude hand that griped my throat
Our hard won coral ftore among,
  And then they fank our plundered boat.

Back to their ſhip again they ſwept,
  That darkly in the offing lay
And on the billows roſe and dipped
  And hovered like a bird of prey.

The boat was hoiſted to her deck;
  Before the wind ſhe bore away —
A wavering line, a hazy ſpeck,
  Became the coaſt of Barbary.

The wealthy merchant-ſhip at ſea,
  The humble trader 'long the ſhore,
In vain did from the Corſair flee,
  In vain his mercy did implore:

And villa fair and cottage ſmall,
  On iſle or mainland where we came,
Defended or defenceleſs, all
  Were given to the waſting flame. ——

Mates, be thoſe tales of fear untold,
  Unfit are they for peaceful men;
They make my blood e'en now run cold,
  And fifty years are gone ſince then!

We paſſed Lipari's ſunny iſles,
  We paſſed our fair Sicilian ſhore
That ever baſks in Nature's ſmiles,
  And down Meſſina's ſtraits we wore —

A hail came from the veſſel's prow,
Shrill from the poop an anſwer paſſed,
From cabin and from deck below
The eager crew came crowding faſt;

And lo, the cauſe! A league ahead
An iſland lay, a wondrous ſcene,
Where cedar and where cypreſs ſpread
Their boughs of many ſhaded green;

And on the iſland, pure and white
As ſummer cloud in ſummer ſky,
When, colourleſs, broad flecks of light
Upon its lofty turrets lie,

A palace; and we ſoon could ſee
Its many pillared porticoes,
That terrace bore and balcony
Beneath the ſhining window-rows;

And marble ſtairs in lengthy flights
That ſwept down to the waters blue,
O'ertrailed with gaudy paraſites
And ſtarry blooms of every hue;

And vaſe and ſtatue, group and row,
Stood half concealed 'mong leaves and flowers;
And coral fountains white as ſnow
Flung high in air their rainbow ſhowers.

A ſpace the crew in ſilence gazed,
  Entrancëd by the fairy ſcene,
Then ſhout on ſhout of joy they raiſed,
  With muttered oath and threat between ;

And forth their gleaming blades they drew —
  Sail upon ſail aloft they ſpread,
And ſevering the waters blue
  On to the iſle the Corſair ſped.

(Morgana's fairy palace towers, —
  I knew them well ! I knew them well !
Her gardens green, her halls and bowers,
  Upreared by many a potent ſpell.)

On ruſhed the ſhip, and left and right
  Behind her ſhore and billows flew :
Down went the ſun, and black as night
  The flying ſhore and billows grew :

And hot as when through cloud of death
  Mount Etna ſhoots its ſulphurous flame,
Or blows the dread Sirocco's breath,
  The loud and ruſhing wind became.

And marble terrace, ſtair and tower
  And portico and balcony,
Were blent and changed by magic power
  To clouds as black as ebony :

And ſhrub and tree of every ſhade,
And bloom and flower of every hue,
And trelliſed bower and arching glade,
To lurid thunder vapour grew.

On ruſhed the ſhip : from every cloud
A quivering tongue of lightning flaſhed,
And, hiſſing, traced each ſtay and ſhroud,
While all around the thunder craſhed :

Trembling in every ſpar and plank
The ſhip upon her ſide was caſt :
The deep upheaved and yawned : ſhe ſank,
And over her the waters paſſed.

My tale is told. Mates — ſhip or crew
Was never ſeen or heard of more!
How I was ſaved I never knew,
At dawn I lay upon the ſhore,

Alone, beſide the peaceful ſea :
But, Mates and Comrades, this I know,
Though wrong may long triumphant be,
And crime may long unpuniſhed go,

That God is watching over all,
And late or ſoon will come the time
When dark His frown on wrong ſhall fall,
And ſtern His puniſhment on crime :

And this, that what doth faireſt ſeem
  May ruin and deſtruction bring;
That what a paradiſe we deem
  May be the tempeſt's folded wing:

And this beſide; though it unfold
  Its wing above us, black and near,
Though Ocean o'er our heads be rolled,
  The innocent have nought to fear.

The Rusalki.

"To the fairies of the lake fresh garlands for to bear."

Rusalki, the lovely river nymph of Southern Russia, seems to have been endowed with the beauty of person and the gentler characteristics of the Mermaids of Northern nations. Shy and benevolent, she lived on the small alluvial islands that stud the mighty rivers which drain this extensive and thinly peopled country, or in the detached coppices that fringe their banks, in bowers woven of flowering reeds and green willow-boughs; her pastime and occupation being to aid in secret the poor fishermen in their laborious and precarious calling. Little is known of these beautiful creatures—as if the mystery and secrecy which is inculcated and enforced in all affairs of government in this country had been extended to its fairy faith. Even Mr. Keightley, so learned in fairy lore, knows little of Rusalki, and dismisses her with the following brief notice :—

"They are of a beautiful form, with long green hair; they ſwim and balance themſelves on the branches of trees, bathe in lakes and rivers, play on the ſurface of the water, and wring their locks on the green meads at the water's-edge. It is chiefly at Whitſuntide that they appear; and the people then, ſinging and dancing, weave garlands for them, which they caſt into the ſtream."

THE RUSALKI.

'Twas when we dwelt by the Volga's ſide—
Ah, bleſs the willows that high and wide
  Above its waters grew!
I then had counted but twenty years,
And Niga, my child—your mother, my dears—
  Had counted barely two.

A pleaſant place was my huſband's mill,
With its merry hopper that never was ſtill,
  Clacking the livelong day;
The ſtream went ruſhing and flaſhing paſt,
Till up by the wheel it was caught and caſt
  In foam and bells and ſpray.

A bowſhot from the mill or more,
And midway between ſhore and ſhore,
  A little iſland lay;
And ſwift and deep and dark was the tide
That around it ſwept on either ſide,
  Beneath the willows gray.

Such trees they were for ſize and ſtrength !
A very tree in girth and length
Was every reaching bough ;
For countleſs years on that ſhady iſle
Their roots had fed in the fertile ſoil,
Untouched by ſpade or plough.

And on this iſle with willows grown,
A good Ruſalki, it was known,
Had twined her ſecret bower ;
But mortal there was none ſo rude
As pry upon her ſolitude,
And brave her ſpirit-power.

But often in the lonely night
The fiſhermen have ſeen her light
Shine deep within the ſtream ;
It ſhone as does an early ſtar
Ere yet its ſiſters wakened are,
With faint and wavering gleam :

And then their nets and lines they drew,
And joy was theirs, and back they threw
Them in the ſtream again ;
And ſhe drove to them the ſcaly flocks
From hollow banks and pools and rocks,
Like ſheep to fold or pen.

And this was why, from year to year,
The neighbours all from far and near,
At pleaſant Whitſuntide,

Child and mother and old grand-dame,
With offerings for Rufalki came
  Down to the river fide.

And fo, with flowers of every hue,
In dale or dell or copfe that grew,
  One Whitfuntide they came,
As cuftom was in the days gone by —
And 'tis pity to let old cuftoms die
  That have a kindly aim.

Sweet fcented blooms and fprigs of may
We twined and tied that merry day
  In chaplet and in wreath,
Which in the ftream the children caft,
And, finging, watched them floating paft
  The arching boughs beneath.

When fudden, backward from the ftream
They running came with fhout and fcream,
  And to the ftream ran I,
And into it I would have fprung,
But twenty arms were round me flung
  As wildly I rufhed by.

Away upon the rapid wave
My child was fwept, and none to fave,
  Far, farther from the land;
Swift, fwifter fhe was fwept away,—
But fearlefs ftill and calm fhe lay,
  A garland in her hand.

On, on beneath the willows gray —
Oh, never till my dying day
Shall I forget the ſight!
But then, while diſappeared my child,
E'en then was changed my terror wild
To madneſs of delight.

A female form, — ſo dreamlike fair,
With neck and arms and boſom bare
And white as lily flower,
All from the waiſt down garmented
In vapour, of the colours ſhed
By ſunlight through a ſhower! —

Emerging from the foliage,
Juſt pauſed upon the iſland's ledge
Above the dewy graſs,
Then paſſed the drooping boughs among
To where my child was ſwept along,
As ſummer-cloud might paſs.

She raiſed, ſhe bore her ſafe to land,
She took the garland from her hand —
Oh, more than gems or gold
Your mother, dears, has treaſured it!
For 'mong her dripping curls 'twas ſet,
And — now my tale is told.

The Merman.

> "Never to blend our pleaſure or our pride
> With ſorrow of the meaneſt thing that feels."

Mermen and Mermaids did not, as their names would imply, live *in* the ſea, but *under* it, and chiefly under that portion of the northern waters which embraces the iſlands and ſhores of Scotland and Scandinavia. There is, however, ſcarcely a ſea or ſhore in Europe where they have not been ſeen: for the Havmand and Havfrue (ſea-man and ſea-maid) of Scandinavia, the Sea Trow or Troll of Shetland, the Merrow (ſea-maid) of Ireland, the Morgan (ſea-woman) and Morverc'h (ſea-daughter) of Brittany, and the Nix of Germany who dwells in caverns at the bottoms of lakes and rivers, were in reality the ſame beings.

To enable them to traverſe the deep in their viſits to the upper world, they made uſe of the ſkin of the ſeal, ſometimes to cover the whole body, but more frequently only from the feet to the waiſt, which gave riſe to the vulgar idea of their being half fiſh, half man or maiden. If on theſe viſits

they were ſo unfortunate as to loſe this ſkin, they were unable to return to their ſubmarine abodes.

Mermen are uniformly repreſented as of an amiable and generous diſpoſition; Mermaids, as more uncertain; on ſome occaſions ſhowing great gentleneſs, on others, great ſeverity:—at one time tracking from ſea to ſea the ſhip of the faithleſs lover, and on his firſt appearing within arm's reach of the water dragging him beneath the ſurface,—at another, directing a ſorrowing youth where to find medicinal herbs that would cure the malady of which his ſweetheart was dying.

It was a good omen, prognoſticating fine weather, when, ſeated on the rocks or ſands of the ſea-ſhore, Mermaids were ſeen combing and dreſſing their hair; but when, harp in hand, they were ſeen dancing on the ſurface of the waters, then woe to the mariner, for ſtorm and tempeſt were at hand!

If a Merman received any bodily injury from a mortal, the wound could only be healed by the touch of the hand which gave the hurt—and then it healed inſtantly.

A legend pertaining to the South of France, and another to the North of Scotland, in many points reſemble the following:—

THE MERMAN.

WITHIN a little ſheltered bay
Of wave-indented Copenſay,
By cliffs encompaſſed, high and bare,
Is moored the bark of young St. Clair:
Reflected on the glaſſy tide
Is every moulding on her ſide;
And maſt and yard and block and brace
   And ſhroud and ſtay and halyard fine,
Each ſeparate object you may trace,
Proportionate and in its place,
   From pennon down to water-line.

The cliffs fling from their faces bare,
With added heat, the ocean's glare;
   No thing is ſeen to move;
The knot-graſs at the water's edge,
The moon-wort on the ragged ledge
   Of ſplintered crag above,

Each in the ſunlight droops its head,
Still is each leaf and pendant blade,
  Although if air or ſea
Their fainteſt note of muſic played,
Or lighteſt ſtir or movement made,
  They dancing all would be.

And liſtleſſly along the deck
  Is many a brawny figure laid,
With ſlackened belt and open neck,
  And drowſy eye that ſeeks the ſhade
  Of many coloured tartan plaid.
Acroſs the boom is ſtretched a ſail,
Paſſing o'er lea and weather rail;
A harper old is ſeated there,
And there the Chieftain, young St. Clair.

Oft with his bark and clanſmen brave
He launches on the Pentland wave,
Where many a rock in ambuſh lies,
And many a gulph and whirlpool tries
To draw within its vortex dark
The reckleſs or unwary bark:
From Strona to North Ronaldſay
There's not an inlet, creek or bay
  Where boat may moor or ride,
There's not a ſhifting bank or bar —
And many in theſe waters are! —
  Or treacherous pool or tide,
But each the Chieftain knows full well,
And can its depth and danger tell.

He turns and to the harper ſays —
  "Allan, your harp is dumb;
Have you no tale of other days
  To wile the lingering time away,
    Until a breeze ſhall come
  To waft us back to Duncan's Bay?"
The harper riſes at the words,
And tunes and tries the trembling chords;
While, rouſing at the magic ſound,
The crew in ſilence gather round.

THE HARPER'S SONG.

Acroſs the deep I only ſee
  A lengthened line of barren ſhore —
It was not thus you looked, Deerneſs,
  Not thus you looked in days of yore!*

No ſpot on green Pomona's iſle
  So ſheltered or ſo green as you;
Where we but ſee the heather now
  The giant oak and linden grew.

And where the coot and mallard ſcream
  The red-deer bounded in the glade;
For there a mighty foreſt ſtood
  And ſpread around its ſolemn ſhade.

* There is a tradition that the diſtrict of Deerneſs in the iſland of Pomona was once covered by a ſplendid foreſt, abounding with deer; and that in one night it was ſubmerged and laid waſte by an inundation of the ſea.

Short way beyond the ſloping beach —
   The foreſt riſing dark behind —
A little ſmiling village lay,
   Protected thus from wave and wind.

And other dwelling was there none
   On all that portion of the iſle;
From frith to frith, from ſea to ſound,
   'T was foreſt all for many a mile.

To ſpread the net, to lay the line,
   When tide is ſmooth and wind is low;
To throw the hunter's aſhen ſpear,
   To draw the ſtring of hunter's bow,

And carry home the ſlaughtered game
   Is eaſy taſk for man, I trow;
The dwellers in the Iſle of Deer
   Did never harſher labour know.

And when the ſummer evening breeze
   Came rippling o'er the ſhining main,
Making its ruffled ſurface ſhow
   Like burniſhed armour, ſcale and chain;

Then ſeats were ſet by porch and door,
   Where white-haired ſires and mothers ſate;
While their ſucceſs by land or wave
   The ruddy ſportsmen would relate:

And youths and laughing maidens came
  To dance upon the yellow ſand,
And children mimicked noiſily
  Their meaſure higher up the ſtrand.

And out upon the ſun-lit deep,
  Or ſeated on the wave-lapped rocks,
The Mermaids played on golden harps
  And wreathed their long and floating locks:

And well the truſting iſleſmen knew
  The Ocean-Maidens' lovely form;
Who guarded well their green Deerneſs,
  By day and night, from flood and ſtorm.

A ſtranger would have ſaid—what they
  Believed the Mermaids' locks to be,
Was but the flood of golden light
  The ſetting ſun ſtreams o'er the ſea:

A ſtranger would have ſaid—what they
  As ſnowy arm and boſom viewed,
Was but the foam of breaking wave
  When by the moveleſs rocks withſtood:

That ſound they deemed the Mermaids' ſong,
  And tone of harp with golden ſtrings,
Was but the murmur of the deep
  The riſing breeze of evening brings:

But well the trusting islesmen knew
  The Ocean-Maidens' lovely form,
Who guarded well their green Deerness,
  By day and night, from flood and storm.

What swarthy hull bears for the shore?
  In lone Deerness what may she seek?
With cloud of sail from deck to truck,
  And blood-red banner at her peak.

And who are they that trim the sails?
  And he that steers the ship to land?
From sash and belt gleams dagger-hilt,
  To every waist is girt a brand.

Ah, little thinks the cooing dove,
  Folding her younglings to her breast,
That by her very notes of love
  She guides the falcon to her nest:

As little think the islanders
  While dancing out the summer day,
They guiding are a pirate band
  Where they may find an easy prey!

Is it the Borealis' light
  That flares across the midnight skies?
The flames that fleck the skies to-night
  From burning roofs and rafters rise.

At e'en the laugh and ſong rang clear
 Far over wood and over main;
Now farther, clearer, penetrates
 The ſhriek of terror and of pain.

Help for the helpleſs, help and ſave!
 The helpleſs all in death are ſtill;
But on ſea or land that pirate band
 No other drop of blood ſhall ſpill.

No dancing now upon the ſhore;
 But there is dancing on the ſea!
Hand linked in hand, the Mermaids white
 Dance on the waters merrily:

And every wave touched by their feet
 Leaps wildly, madly, to the land,
With flaſhing front and hiſſing voice,
 Up, up, upon the blood-ſtained ſtrand:

Their harps ring out:—the winds, the winds
 Ruſh fiercely on with ſhout and roar;
Lifting the waters as they go,
 To daſh them high upon the ſhore:

Their voices ſwell:—the ocean-tide
 Up from its loweſt depths is torn,
And to the blood-polluted ſhore
 Swift, dark, and overwhelming borne:

From frith to frith, from ſea to ſound,
  Unbroken ſwept the ocean wave,
And every living thing that night
  Was buried in a watery grave:

And not a tree was left to ſhow
  The foreſt crown Pomona wore.—
It was not thus you looked, Deerneſs,
  Not thus you looked in days of yore!

Although the harper's ſong is o'er,
  Still does the theme his ſoul poſſeſs;
And ſtill he eyes the diſtant ſhore,
And ſtill he murmurs as before—
  "It was not thus you looked, Deerneſs,
Not thus you looked in days of yore!"
And ſtill the crew around him ſtand,
  For yet they ſeem to hear
The Mermaids' harps and chorus grand
  Come knelling on the ear.

"Unmoor, unmoor! Up anchor, ho!
Men, to the ſails like lightning go!
  Give, give them to the wind!
I felt the breeze upon my cheek,
But never thought me once to ſpeak—
  We leave the ſhore behind.
Allan, I heard the ruffled tide
Lap, lapping on the veſſel's ſide,

  But, like a dreaming man
Who what he really hears confounds
With what are but imagined ſounds,
  My charmëd ſpirit ran
With the indignant ocean-wave,
Strong to avenge if not to ſave,
That ſwept Deerneſs from ſhore to ſhore —
Deerneſs, ſo changed ſince days of yore.

" Set every ſtitch of canvas free!
  Square every yard, each ſheet belay!
Right on before the wind go we;
  This night we ride in Duncan's Bay!"
Over the ſeething waves they go,
  Sail upon ſail they preſs,
Till cloſe beneath the ruſhing prow
  Lies lonely Roſeneſs.

Right for the Skerry iſles they fly —
  Rocks that have ſhivered many a keel —
Where in the ſunlight loves to lie
  The ſhy and solitary ſeal;
So near they paſs the ſhelving rock
  The ſturdy clanſmen breathleſs ſtand,
  It ſeems as they could leap to land:
St. Clair, their anxious fears to mock,
And vain of his addreſs and ſkill,
Smiles lightly and ſteers cloſer ſtill;
Then in his right hand lifts a ſpear,
  Nor quits the rudder with his left,
'T is poiſed a moment by his ear,
  And in another it has cleft

The ſhoulder of a giant ſeal —
Along the rocks they ſaw it reel,
And then beneath the waves it paſſed,
The ſpear ſtill in its ſhoulder faſt.

As when the ſeagull ſwift and ſtrong,
Skimming the ruffled deep along
And of the fowler recking not,
Feels in its heart the deadly ſhot,
Its wings drop to its ſtricken ſide,
And it lies helpleſs on the tide:
So in her courſe the bark was ſtayed —
  Huſhed in an inſtant was the gale,
  Collapſed and looſe fell every ſail —
One ſtaggering, headlong plunge ſhe made,
Then broadſide to her courſe was laid.

St. Clair and his aſtoniſhed crew
  Look to the iſle with wondering eyes;
There, waiſt-high from the waters blue,
  They ſee a Merman ſlowly riſe:
His hand he lifts, and ſtraight the bark, —
  Obedient as a well-trained hound,
Whoſe earneſt eyes are fixed to mark
  The ſlighteſt geſture, ſign or ſound
That may its maſter's will expreſs,
For praiſe, reproof, or for careſs, —
  Comes gliding ſwiftly to the ſtrand,
  Until the Merman drops his hand,
And then ſhe pauſes, motionleſs.

His ſhining eyes have the cold keen blue
  Of the Northern ſeas where the Mermen dwell,

And his ſkin has the delicate pinky hue
  Of the lining ſmooth of the twiſted ſhell:
Back from his forehead high and wide,
And midway parted, ſide and ſide,
Down, like a mantle, falls his hair
Over his breaſt and ſhoulders bare,
Out to the foam on either hand,
And green as the lime-graſs on the sand.
  But foam or hair may not conceal
    From the old harper's eye,
  The coiled-up tail and fin of ſeal
    That under the waters lie.

He cries with a voice like the angry ſurge
When its limitleſs freedom it would urge —
  "Life for life I demand!
    Into the ſea, into the ſea
    Let the guilty be caſt to me,
    Or never more on land
Shall foot be ſet that treads your deck,
And your gaudy bark ſhall float a wreck,
Before yon ſun be wholly ſet
Whoſe lower rim in the wave is wet.
    Up, Winds, at my command!
    Life for life I demand!"

      The winds, the winds
Rage round the veſſel furiouſly,
Deep, hoarſe, and ſhrill, like the mingled cry
Of the ſavage pack, that ſuddenly
      Before it finds

The ſtag it has hunted all the day,
On the ſhelterleſs moorland brought to bay.
Eager to rend and to tear
They ruſh around,
But motionleſs yet the air
In the ſhip is found.

Acroſs the deck old Allan ſtepped,
And up on the bulwarks he ſprang;
Nimble as ever in youth he leaped,
And his voice full-toned out rang —
" Life for life you ſhall have!
Our youthful Chieftain, thoughtleſſly,
Has done a deed of cruelty —
For his ſin let me atone!
Shall I plunge in the wave?
Life for life you demand —
Life for life you ſhall have —
Many for one.
Lo, behind me ſtand
Twenty of his clanſmen brave!
Chooſe from among us, chooſe one or all,
For inſtant death or laſting thrall."

Around the harper the clanſmen crowd,
Clinging to ſtay and climbing up ſhroud,
Outſtretching their hands and calling aloud;
Each eager to gain the Merman's eye
That he for his Chieftain beloved may die.

" On deck, on deck, down every man!
Am I your Chief, ye of my clan?"

Each to his place goes ſilently.
  " Clanſmen, ye are to blame:
A wrongful deed I did, and ye,
To ſhield me from its penalty,
  Would add to it but ſhame:
No, if I err, at leaſt I dare
Mine error's puniſhment to bear."
His dirk upon the deck he threw,
  From ſhoulder-brooch his plaid unbound,
His bonnet on his brow he drew,
  And caſt one kindly glance around,
Then bounded over the veſſel's ſide
And ſank at once in the gaping tide.

Down, down he ſtrongly cleaves his way —
Strike arm and limb inſtinctively —
Down, down until the breath up-pent
  Seems like to rend his breaſt in twain,
And all his blood is ruſhing ſent
  Into his eyes and o'er his brain;
Relaxes now each ſtraining nerve,
And he begins to rock and ſwerve
  As in a pool ſways leaf or reed;
And now he feels himſelf propelled
  By other hands with dolphin ſpeed;
Cloſe to his ſide his arms are held
  That nothing may his courſe impede:
The cloven, ruſhing deep he hears
Like thunder booming in his ears,
And then it melts to ſoothing ſtrain
  That paſſes far and far away,

And ſeems it that his ſwooning brain
  Upon its undulations lay,
That ſmaller grow, and leſs, and leſs, —
And he ſinks into unconſciouſneſs.

Down, down beneath the Pentland tide,
Where the roots of the Skerry Iſlands hide
The path to the caves where the Mermen bide:
    He is borne through the ſecret gate:
His heavy lids he opens wide —
  Again to cloſe them he is fain,
Encountering his on every ſide
  Are eyes that glance with fierce diſdain,
    Or darkly on him ſcowl in hate,
Or coldly from him turn in ſcorn;
But onward, onward he is borne,
  And he muſt lift his lids again.

He looks — what tongue may tell the ſight? —
  On either hand run row on row
Of columns tall of marble white,
On floor of alabaſter bright
  And glittering like froſted ſnow,
Bearing a roof of paly green,
Like ſea at early morning ſeen,
Of ſhining ſpars and cryſtals ſheen.
Claſped in a Merman's arms he lies,
Who 'long this mighty gallery flies,
Swift as a ſtar ſhoots down the ſkies;
Into a cave ſo vaſt, ſo wide,
He may not ſee its farther ſide,

Only the roof, above them bent
As o'er the earth the firmament.

High in the midſt a palace fair
Uprears its turrets quaint and rare,
Its flanking towers and centre dome
Of marble white as ocean foam:
The countleſs crowds its courts that throng
  Before them open as they near,
And ever, as they ſhoot along,
  Cloſe in again upon their rear.

Through ſpacious corridor and hall—
Echoes no ſound from floor or wall,
For the Merman's flying footſteps fall
  As falls on graſs the evening dew—
And into a chamber wide and high,
And up to a couch whoſe canopy
Is curtained with golden drapery
  And ſtarred with gems of every hue.
  St. Clair, St. Clair, ah, now you rue
  That ever that cruel ſpear you threw!
There lies it now before his face,
  In a Merman's ſhoulder buried deep—
A Chief or King by mien and grace,
  And by his fortitude to keep
  His pain from eyes that round him weep

At a ſignal, earneſtly expreſſed,
St. Clair bends o'er the Merman's breaſt;

Near to the wound he grafps the fpear,
  And flowly, fteadily, carefully,
He draws until the barbs appear;
  A moment, and the blade is free;
He cafts the gory fpear on the ground,
Puts the lifted flesh again in the wound —
It heals 'neath his touch, and no cicatrice
Is left on the fkin to mark its place!

The Merman rofe up from the bed
And to the Chieftain fternly faid:
"To mock the fears of your faithful crew,
Fears that they felt alone for you,
By dangerous rocks you fteered your way,
Putting all their lives in jeopardy:
A helplefs creature you came near,
Offending none it did not fear
Even when it faw your lifted fpear;
This confidence, with noble mind,
This helpleffnefs, with nature kind,
Its fureft fafeguard would have been:—
Chief, was your action great or mean?
You did not hefitate to bring
  This helplefs thing to painful end,
Or to protracted fuffering
  Should Heaven its weary life extend:—
Was it a mean or noble act?
For this your life I did exact,
And you have borne the pangs of death
When parts in Ocean mortal breath:
But as you nobly honour prized,
And as you nobly death defpifed,

And freely plunged into the wave
Your faithful followers to save,
And, nobly still, the wrong confessed
  Your hasty hand had done,
And readily that wrong redressed,
  Your life you back have won.
Bring wine!" 'T is brought. The Chieftain drinks,
And instantly in sleep he sinks —
Sinks on the couch by which he stands,
Even with the goblet in his hands.

The Chieftain looks around again,
Breathes freely without flush or pain —
  How cool, how sweet the air!
And what is this he fondly eyes
That spread on his neck and bosom lies?
  'T is the harper's silver hair!
He lies sobbing aloud with excess of joy,
As when yielding to grief sobs a maid or boy,
  And nothing his tears can stay:
The cable runs rattling down the side,
The bark swings round to the rushing tide,
  And they ride in Duncan's Bay.

The Neck.

" He heard that ſtrain ſo wildly ſweet."

The Neck was a river ſpirit of Scandinavia. His dwelling was under the ſhelving banks of rivers, or in pools waſhed up by eddies near the fords. Sometimes he was seen as a pretty little boy, with golden hair ſurmounted by a little red cap; at others, and more frequently, as an old man with long beard flowing down to his waiſt. He was a great muſician, and from this fact it would appear that he was not unknown in the Iſle of Man.

" A gentleman was about to paſs over Douglas Bridge, but the tide being high he was obliged to take the river, having an excellent horſe under him and one accuſtomed to ſwim. As he was in the middle of it, he heard, or imagined he heard, the fineſt ſymphony, I will not ſay in the world, for nothing human ever came up to it. The horſe was no leſs ſenſible of the harmony than himſelf, and kept an immoveable poſture all the while it laſted."

Even the fabled power of Orpheus did not exceed, if indeed it equalled, that of the Neck. The giant Norway pines waved their mighty arms and nodded

their lofty heads, keeping time to the cadences of his harp-ſtrain; while the running ſtreams ſtood ſtill and the cataracts hung ſuſpended in air to liſten to it. And more than all, mortals who knew that he was luring them to their doom had not the power to reſiſt, but were drawn from bank to ford, from ford to pool, by the tones of his harp as if by chains of ſteel. But it was only over the faithleſs and inconſtant that he could exerciſe this power; to lovers who held ſacred their plighted vows his muſic gave only delight.

THE NECK.

Alas for the hour Sir Eric came
  To Nina's lowly bower!
A-riding his dappled grey he came —
  Alas for the woeful hour!
He came from tracking the foreſt deer,
In the gladſome ſpring-tide of the year;
His doublet of green all ſlaſhed with gold,
His cap of green on his brow ſo bold,
'Mong his cluſtering curls of yellow hair,
Bedecked with feather for foreſt wear —
  He came to Nina's bower.

Fair Nina ſat in her peaceful bower
  When riding by came he;
A-ſinging, ſinging ſhe ſat in her bower,
  Like wood-lark, merrily.
"Now where may this bird of beauty be?"
He lowly louted at Nina's knee,
He humbled to her his brow ſo bold,
And ſoftly ſighing his tale he told;
He vowed he ever would faithful prove,
And Nina liſted his tale of love
  Truſtfully, pridefully.

How ſweet it was to think of his love
As ſhe ſat in her bower alone!
To ſit in her bower and think of his love
When a-hunting he was gone!
It was little he hunted when love was new,
And ſwiftly back to her bower he flew,
But ere ever a leaf had changed its hue
Aweary of Nina's bower he grew;
Slow was his coming, and ſhort his ſtay,
And ſpeedy his riding away, away:
She wept alone, alone.

When the dreary trees of the winter wood
Their huelefs leaves had ſhed,
When the huelefs leaves of the winter wood
Upon the ground lay dead —
For the ſun came ſlow, and ſhort was his ſtay,
And ſpeedy his paſſing away, away,
And they languiſhed beneath his cheerlefs ray,
And faded, and fell to be trod to clay —
Fair Nina had languiſhed, pale as they,
And faded, and fallen, and coldly lay
Within her bower, dead.

" Scatter flowers wet with tears
  On her bier, on her bier,
Flowers wet with maiden's tears,
  Ye who loved her dear —"
Now who comes riding with brow ſo bold,
In hunting garb of green and gold,
His cap ſet light 'mong his curling hair,
Bedecked with feather for foreſt wear ?
Sir Eric comes riding his dappled grey,
Cantering gaily down the way
  They bear dead Nina's bier.

Like doves when hangs the falcon near
  The maidens ſhrink away,
When the pitileſs falcon hovers near
  To ſtoop upon his prey ;
And Nina's mother with cry of fear
Runs cloſer to guard her darling's bier;
And her father old lifts his hands on high
To curſe the falſe lover a-riding by,
But tears guſh over his withered cheek,
His quivering lip no word will ſpeak —
They lead him mute away.

But out in the path with an angry cry
  Her little brother ſprings,
With a flaſhing eye and an angry cry
  Unto the rein he clings ;

"Falſe lover that didſt our Nina ſlay —"
Sir Eric goes cantering down the way,
Acroſs the meadow ſo green and wide,
And along the path by the river ſide;
On to the ford where the thirſty deer
Come duly to drink of the water clear,
   And the ſwan to reſt her wings.

- —◆— - -

What ſound comes up from the river ſide,
   Where drink the timid deer;
'Croſs the meadow wide from the river ſide,
   Over the foreſt drear?
'Tis the tones of a harp, as wild and ſweet
As ever a dreaming ear did greet:
Ah, woe to the breaker of plighted vow
If weetleſs he ſtray by the river now!
For the Neck is playing his harp by the ford;
He calleth and claimeth a gueſt for his board,
   In his cavern under the mere.

When the mirk was creeping from eaſt to weſt,
   And the daylight fleeing before —
When the daylight hung on the edge of the weſt
   Like the ſands on a wide ſea-ſhore;

Then galloping, galloping, up the way
All riderleſs came the dappled grey,
With quivering limb and ſtaring eye,
With bridle broken and girth awry,
All dabbled with froth and river foam
The terrified ſteed came galloping home——
But Sir Eric came back no more.





Conclusion.

"But now can no man see no elvès mo."

THE Fairies have departed from the earth; they have returned to their own green land.

They have returned to their ever-bright land—that Avalon, that Island of the Blest, encompassed by emerald seas and fanned by breezes softer than the scented gales of Araby; where the sun that knows no setting shines upon ever blooming flowers, and ever verdant trees that bear at once the gifts of Spring, and Summer, and Autumn— bud and blossom and golden fruit—on their unfading boughs; where storm and rain and unkindly frost come not, and Winter is unknown; where skies of cloudless blue bend unchangingly above river and mere and stream that flow over sands of amber and pearl and gold; where all is beauty, and calm, and peace. That land whither the good King Arthur was conveyed

by an Elfin Princefs after the fatal battle of Camlan:—

> "I am going a long way
> With thefe thou feeft—if indeed I go—
> (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
> To the ifland-valley of Avillion;
> Where falls not hail, or rain, or any fnow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
> Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
> And bowery hollows crowned with fummer fea,
> Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

That land whither the redoubtable champion of ancient Denmark, Ogier le Danois, was carried by Morgue la Faye, who had loved him from his birth; and where he tarried for two hundred years that feemed to him but as twenty, fo great were its joys and delights:—

> "Such joyous paftime did the Fayes make him that there is no creature in this world who could imagine or think it. So the time paffed away from day to day, from week to week, in fuch fort that a year did not laft a month to him."

That land whither Thomas of Ercildoune was conducted by the Fairy Queen, and where he abode for the fpace of feven years which feemed but as feven days—

That land whither Robin Goodfellow, fon of the Fairy King, was conveyed after his probationary fojourn among men. While yet a child, and during fleep, he had been brought to the earth; on awaking

he found himfelf alone upon the open wold, and befide him a fcroll, on which was written in letters of gold,

"Love them that honeft be,
And help them in neceffitie."

and he inftantly comprehended his miffion. It was "to encourage the good, to comfort the forlorn, to punifh the wicked, and to thwart and fubdue the overbearing." How faithfully he fulfilled it may be known from the fact that at no diftant time he was recalled with honour to his father's court, never again to be witnefs of ftrife or felfifhnefs, anger or hate, fuffering or wrong, forrow or fear.

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